

An Interview with
JEAN CARVER
DUHME

An Oral History conducted and edited by
Robert D. McCracken

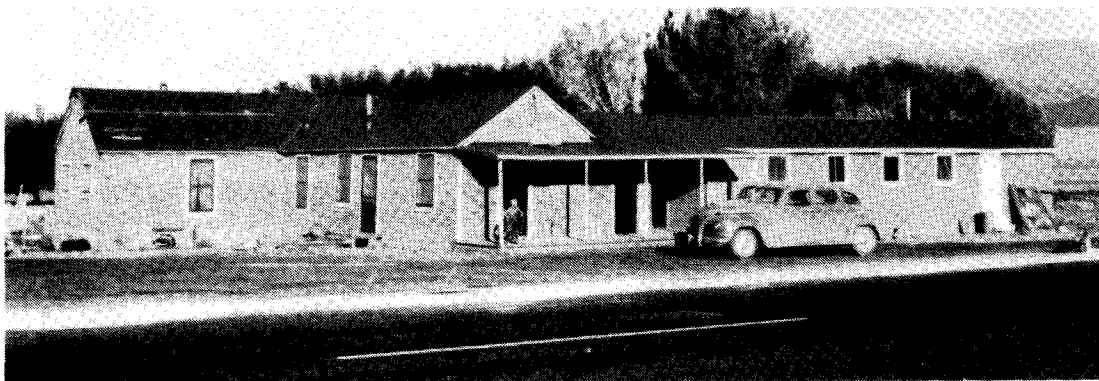
Nye County Town History Project
Nye County, Nevada

Tonopah
1990

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Jean Carver Duhme
1952



Carver's Station, Smoky Valley, Nevada, when it was known by its original
name, Smoky Valley Rainbow Ranch
c. 1949



Gerald Miller Carver with sons Dick (left) and Gary in front of Carver's
Station, Smoky Valley, Nevada
c. 1950



Carver's Station, Smoky Valley, Nevada
c. 1952



The bar at Carver's Station, Smoky Valley, Nevada. Jean Carver Duhme is at left; Gerald Miller Carver is second from left.
c. 1948

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PREFACE

The Nye County Town History Project (NCTHP) engages in interviewing people who can provide firsthand descriptions of the individuals, events, and places that give history its substance. The products of this research are the tapes of the interviews and their transcriptions.

In themselves, oral history interviews are not history. However, they often contain valuable primary source material, as useful in the process of historiography as the written sources to which historians have customarily turned. Verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the NCTHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, but it cannot attest that they are free of error. Accordingly, oral histories should be read with the same prudence that the reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information.

It is the policy of the NCTHP to produce transcripts that are as close to verbatim as possible, but some alteration of the text is generally both unavoidable and desirable. When human speech is captured in print the result can be a morass of tangled syntax, false starts, and incomplete sentences, sometimes verging on incoherency. The type font contains no symbols for the physical gestures and the diverse vocal modulations that are integral parts of communication through speech. Experience shows that totally verbatim transcripts are often largely unreadable and therefore a waste of the resources expended in their production. While keeping alterations to a minimum the NCTHP will,

in preparing a text:

- a. generally delete false starts, redundancies and the uhs, ahs and other noises with which speech is often sprinkled;
- b. occasionally compress language that would be confusing to the reader in unaltered form;
- c. rarely shift a portion of a transcript to place it in its proper context;
- d. enclose in [brackets] explanatory information or words that were not uttered but have been added to render the text intelligible; and
- e. make every effort to correctly spell the names of all individuals and places, recognizing that an occasional word may be misspelled because no authoritative source on its correct spelling was found.

As project director, I would like to express my deep appreciation to those who participated in the Nye County Town History Project (NCTHP). It was an honor and a privilege to have the opportunity to obtain oral histories from so many wonderful individuals. I was welcomed into many homes--in many cases as a stranger--and was allowed to share in the recollection of local history. In a number of cases I had the opportunity to interview Nye County residents whom I have known and admired since I was a teenager; these experiences were especially gratifying. I thank the residents throughout Nye County and Nevada--too numerous to mention by name--who provided assistance, information, and photographs. They helped make the successful completion of this project possible.

Appreciation goes to Chairman Joe S. Garcia, Jr., Robert N. "Bobby" Revert, and Patricia S. Mankins, the Nye County commissioners who initiated this project. Mr. Garcia and Mr. Revert, in particular, showed deep interest and unyielding support for the project from its inception. Thanks also go to current commissioners Richard L. Carver and Barbara J. Raper, who have since joined Mr. Revert on the board and who have continued the project with enthusiastic support. Stephen T. Bradhurst, Jr., planning consultant for Nye County, gave unwavering support and advocacy of the project within Nye County and before the State of Nevada Nuclear Waste Project Office and the United States Department of Energy; both entities provided funds for this project. Thanks are also extended to Mr. Bradhurst for his advice and input regarding the conduct of the research and for constantly serving as a sounding board when methodological problems were worked out. This project would never have

become a reality without the enthusiastic support of the Nye County commissioners and Mr. Bradhurst.

Jean Charney served as administrative assistant, editor, indexer, and typist throughout the project; her services have been indispensable. Louise Terrell provided considerable assistance in transcribing many of the oral histories; Barbara Douglass also transcribed a number of interviews. Transcribing, typing, editing, and indexing were provided at various times by Jodie Hanson, Alice Levine, Mike Green, Cynthia Tremblay, and Jean Stoess. Jared Charney contributed essential word processing skills. Maire Hayes, Michelle Starika, Anita Coryell, Jodie Hanson, Michelle Welsh, Lindsay Schumacher, and Shena Salzmman shouldered the herculean task of proofreading the oral histories. Gretchen Loeffler and Bambi McCracken assisted in numerous secretarial and clerical duties. Phillip Earl of the Nevada Historical Society contributed valuable support and criticism throughout the project, and Tom King at the Oral History Program of the University of Nevada at Reno served as a consulting oral historian. Much deserved thanks are extended to all these persons.

All material for the NCTHP was prepared with the support of the U.S. Department of Energy, Grant No. DE-FG08-89NV10820. However, any opinions, findings, conclusions, or recommendations expressed herein are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of DOE.

--Robert D. McCracken
Tonopah, Nevada
1991

Historians generally consider the year 1890 as the end of the American frontier. By then, most of the western United States had been settled, ranches and farms developed, communities established, and roads and railroads constructed. The mining boomtowns, based on the lure of overnight riches from newly developed lodes, were but a memory.

Although Nevada was granted statehood in 1864, examination of any map of the state from the late 1800s shows that while much of the state was mapped and its geographical features named, a vast region--stretching from Belmont south to the Las Vegas meadows, comprising most of Nye County--remained largely unsettled and unmapped. In 1890 most of southcentral Nevada remained very much a frontier, and it continued to be for at least another twenty years.

The great mining booms at Tonopah (1900), Goldfield (1902), and Rhyolite (1904) represent the last major flowering of what might be called the Old West in the United States. Consequently, southcentral Nevada, notably Nye County, remains close to the American frontier; closer, perhaps, than any other region of the American West. In a real sense, a significant part of the frontier can still be found in southcentral Nevada. It exists in the attitudes, values, lifestyles, and memories of area residents. The frontier-like character of the area also is visible in the relatively undisturbed quality of the natural environment, most of it essentially untouched by human hands.

A survey of written sources on southcentral Nevada's history reveals some material from the boomtown period from 1900 to about 1915, but very little on the area after around 1920. The volume of available sources

varies from town to town: A fair amount of literature, for instance, can be found covering Tonopah's first two decades of existence, and the town has had a newspaper continuously since its first year. In contrast, relatively little is known about the early days of Gabbs, Round Mountain, Manhattan, Beatty, Amargosa Valley, and Pahrump. Gabbs's only newspaper was published intermittently between 1974 and 1976. Round Mountain's only newspaper, the Round Mountain Nugget, was published between 1906 and 1910. Manhattan had newspaper coverage for most of the years between 1906 and 1922. Amargosa Valley has never had a newspaper; Beatty's independent paper folded in 1912. Pahrump's first newspaper did not appear until 1971. All six communities received only spotty coverage in the newspapers of other communities after their own papers folded, although Beatty was served by the Beatty Bulletin, which was published as a supplement to the Goldfield News between 1947 and 1956. Consequently, most information on the history of southcentral Nevada after 1920 is stored in the memories of individuals who are still living.

Aware of Nye County's close ties to our nation's frontier past, and recognizing that few written sources on local history are available, especially after about 1920, the Nye County Commissioners initiated the Nye County Town History Project (NCTHP). The NCTHP represents an effort to systematically collect and preserve information on the history of Nye County. The centerpiece of the NCTHP is a large set of interviews conducted with individuals who had knowledge of local history. Each interview was recorded, transcribed, and then edited lightly to preserve the language and speech patterns of those interviewed. All oral history interviews have been printed on acid-free paper and bound and archived in Nye County libraries, Special Collections in the James R. Dickinson

Library at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and at other archival sites located throughout Nevada. The interviews vary in length and detail, but together they form a never-before-available composite picture of each community's life and development. The collection of interviews for each community can be compared to a bouquet: Each flower in the bouquet is unique--some are large, others are small--yet each adds to the total image. In sum, the interviews provide a composite view of community and county history, revealing the flow of life and events for a part of Nevada that has heretofore been largely neglected by historians.

Collection of the oral histories has been accompanied by the assembling of a set of photographs depicting each community's history. These pictures have been obtained from participants in the oral history interviews and other present and past Nye County residents. In all, more than 1,000 photos have been collected and carefully identified. Complete sets of the photographs have been archived along with the oral histories.

On the basis of the oral interviews as well as existing written sources, histories have been prepared for the major communities in Nye County. These histories also have been archived.

The town history project is one component of a Nye County program to determine the socioeconomic impacts of a federal proposal to build and operate a nuclear waste repository in southcentral Nye County. The repository, which would be located inside a mountain (Yucca Mountain), would be the nation's first, and possibly only, permanent disposal site for high-level radioactive waste. The Nye County Board of County Commissioners initiated the NCTHP in 1987 in order to collect information on the origin, history, traditions, and quality of life of Nye County

communities that may be impacted by a repository. If the repository is constructed, it will remain a source of interest for hundreds, possibly thousands, of years to come, and future generations will likely want to know more about the people who once resided near the site. In the event that government policy changes and a high-level nuclear waste repository is not constructed in Nye County, material compiled by the NCIHP will remain for the use and enjoyment of all.

--R.D.M.

This is Robert McCracken talking to Jean Carver Duhme at her home in Big Smoky Valley, Nevada, January 3 and 5, 1990.

CHAPTER ONE

Robert McCracken: Jean, could you state your name as it appears on your birth certificate?

Jean Carver Duhme: Yes, it is Jean Patterson Dutton.

RM: And where and when were you born?

JD: I was born August 26, 1915, in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

RM: And, could you tell me your mother's full name, including her maiden name.

JD: Her maiden name was Ethel Alice Patterson. When she married she assumed Patterson as her middle name and added Dutton.

RM: Do you remember where and when she was born?

JD: Yes. She was born in Craftsbury, Vermont, on October 23, 1887.

RM: And what was your father's full name?

JD: John Amasa (isn't that awful?) Dutton.

RM: Where was he born?

JD: He also was born in Craftsbury, Vermont, on July 27, 1888.

RM: And what was your father's occupation.

JD: He was a creamery man. Does that mean anything to you?

RM: Yes, it does. He ran a creamery, or operated a creamery?

JD: Right, right.

RM: In Vermont?

JD: Several places.

RM: What kind of business was his family in in Vermont?

JD: His parents were farmers in Vermont, and the home they lived in in

Craftsbury was built in the late 1700s. It just went out of the family in the last few years.

RM: Is that right? What kind of business was your mother's family in in Vermont?

JD: Her father ran a sawmill. I don't know what else he did because he died before I was born and I don't really know too much about him.

RM: What circumstances took your folks to Iowa?

JD: My father got a job in a creamery in Council Bluffs. I lived there till I was 8 months old and then we moved back to Vermont, where he also ran a creamery.

RM: And did you grow up there in Vermont?

JD: I stayed there until I was 8, and at that time we decided to move West. My mother's sister was living in Portland, Oregon, and we had driven out there when I was 5, and we all liked it, so we moved to Portland fairly near my aunt.

RM: You moved to Portland when you were 8 years old, and how long did you stay there?

JD: We stayed there until I was halfway through my junior year in high school, at which time we moved to Salt Lake. My father had gone there to work for Hobart Manufacturing Company and Toledo Scale, who had a business there in Salt Lake. I finished high school there. My folks didn't like it, but I loved it.

RM: Did he run a creamery in Portland?

JD: No, he didn't. He was a salesman for Loose Wile's Biscuit Company, which later became a property of Nabisco. And then he went to work for Toledo Scale Company and they sent him to Salt Lake; that's how it was.

RM: So your family didn't like Salt Lake.

JD: I loved it but they didn't like it, so we moved back to Portland the day after I got out of high school in 1932. And then I started at what was then Oregon State College (now it's Oregon State University) at Corvallis.

RM: How long did you go there?

JD: Four years. I graduated in institutional management in the school of home economics in 1936.

RM: What did you do then?

JD: I took a graduate course in institutional management at Mills College on a scholarship.

RM: Now, what is institutional management?

JD: That's foods and nutrition in institutional size. Mills College is in Oakland, California.

RM: Did you graduate?

JD: I didn't get an advanced degree, but I did finish that one year.

RM: What did you do then?

JD: Then I got married. In 1943 I moved to Nevada.

RM: And where did you move to in Nevada?

JD: Right down the road a little ways, near the highway.

RM: This side of Round Mountain (north)?

JD: Right where Dick's house is, actually.

Other Voice: About 100 yards.

RM: What circumstances brought you clear from Oakland and Portland to this remote area?

JD: Oh, I was fed to the teeth with people, traffic, keeping up with the Jones - do you know what I mean?

RM: Exactly. Actually, I'm impressed.

JD: And I was a rebel besides.

RM: And were you married then?

JD: I came over to get a divorce, and then I married Gerald Carver.

JD: He was a local rancher.

RM: And what did you do then?

JD: I was a housewife. We had a couple of sons - Gary and Dick. Dick was born in '44 and Gary was born in '46.

RM: And then you raised your family right here.

JD: And the highway department planned a highway through here, and the plan took it right through the corner of a piece of one of our properties. We gave them the right-of-way because we figured that way, we would have a nice place on the highway - some frontage. We did that and in '47 they began working on the highway, so we began working on Carver's Station. They worked all the summer of '47, probably into the fall; I don't remember. Then they skipped it for a year. What they did was to grade and gravel it from Millett to the Round Mountain turnoff.

RM: Where's Millett, now?

JD: It's north, 17 miles from the end of the Round Mountain turnoff - beyond the Turk ranch. There was just a dirt road then after Round Mountain.

Then we opened the cafe and bar in April of '48. And in the spring or summer of '49 another crew came in and graded and graveled it all over again clear up to Highway 50. After they got that done, another crew came in. Dodge Construction was the final crew that came in; actually, Dodge [also] did the first part of the work in '47, and then they did the grade and gravel up to, I would say Little Horses, but I don't remember for sure. That was Millett. And then Andy Drumm did the top half of the

grade and gravel. Then Dodge Construction paved it from Round Mountain down to the intersection and all the way up to Highway 50. At that time it was the longest paving contract which had ever been let in the state of Nevada.

RM: But south of Round Mountain . . .

JD: That was already paved.

RM: OK, that was paved when you got here.

JD: Right. I don't remember what year it was.

RM: Could we back up a bit, and would you describe what the area was like when you came here? First of all, tell me about the road.

JD: Well, you went to the end of the pavement at the Round Mountain turnoff, then you turned to the left on a dirt road which you could still go on. It came around what is now the Manley ranch, which at that time was owned by Joe Francisco.

RM: You're pointing east . . .

JD: No, I'm not. You came up the road and turned to the west, and the closest neighbor was on this dirt road that went around that ranch. Then you came by our house up near what is now the rodeo arena. And then it went over to the Pete Rogers' ranch which is now the Hass ranch. Then it went right next to the Darrough ranch and very close to the Berg ranch, on up to the R.O. Ranch . . . Farrington's was there in between.

RM: And then did it go clear on up to Austin?

JD: Yes, and it was just a dirt road. Like a bunch of cows . . .

RM: Kind of a meandering road like you would find going down a lot of these valleys in Nevada?

JD: Right.

RM: Tire busting, probably.

JD: No, it wasn't too bad except when it was wet or snowy; then it was a little bad. The road had just been dug out of the sagebrush instead of built up so the snow all tended to collect inside. It was fun.

RM: So you got stuck a lot.

JD: Oh yes, you got stuck a lot.

RM: And it was probably a tough trip to Austin then, wasn't it?

JD: We didn't go to Austin very often.

RM: Did the ranchers here in the area kind of focus toward Tonopah?

JD: I think most of them did, at least down on the south end of this valley. But we had a lot of fun together. There were a lot more gatherings of people who lived here, getting together for picnics, for dances, what have you.

RM: How large was your ranch?

JD: I think it was about 860 acres if I remember correctly. Part of it was across the valley [east]. The part across the valley was taken up by Key Pittman, originally.

RM: Oh really? Had Key Pittman homesteaded it?

JD: I don't know if it was homesteaded, because there was no building on it, it was just a big piece of ground that . . . but he owned it.

RM: I'll be darned.

JD: And this over here [on Carver's side] was homesteaded by Ed Turner, who was either his father or his grandfather. I think it was his grandfather. And Ed Turner is the grandfather of Wally Bird.

RM: And when did Turner homestead that?

JD: I don't know.

RM: And you had a cattle operation.

JD: Yes.

RM: About how many head would you say you had at that time?

JD: I have no idea at this point; not enough to make a living. Gerald sold milk and things like that, eggs and . . . He had a few milk cows and he used to take milk and eggs to Manhattan and Round Mountain.

RM: How long did he have the ranch?

JD: He came in in 1939.

RM: Where did he come from?

JD: Near Bakersfield, in Glennville, California.

RM: Was he from a ranching background?

JD: Yes, and his grandparents came across the plains in a covered wagon. It was a large family and there are still people from that family in the Glennville area.

RM: Do you remember who he got the ranch from?

JD: Ed Turner. Gerald bought the Key Pittman property separately. I think there were 240 acres or something over here.

RM: Did he supplement the income any by working at Round Mountain or anything like that?

JD: No. The mines were not working when I came here because of the war.

RM: What was the town of Round Mountain like when you arrived?

JD: There were 13 people living there.

RM: Do you remember who they were?

JD: Well, let's see. There was Ed and Mrs. Michels; Herman Schappel was there part of the time - the rest of the time he lived up at Jefferson. He was an interesting person. Tony Barragage was another old miner. And who else - I really don't remember. Mrs. Vucanovich was living there then.

RM: That would be U.S. Representative Barbara Vucanovich's husband's

mother.

Other Voice: Was Skook [Berg] there?

JD: Skook was in the army at the time, but Danny Berg and his parents Will and Lillian Berg were there. Dan married Rene Rogers. (I presume you will interview her.)

RM: Yes.

JD: I don't remember who else lived there.

RM: And the mines were not operating at all?

JD: No, there was nothing; absolutely no source of income.

RM: How did the 13 who lived there survive?

JD: Believe me, I don't know. The Michels had the post office. I think they were the only gainfully employed people in town.

RM: Were there any business establishments?

JD: No. The hotel had been washed out in a flood and there were no bars at that time. Shortly after that Al Lofthouse came out and opened up the Palace Club.

RM: Did he build it?

JD: No, the building was there and he fixed it up. Nobody built anything because there was no lumber source or anything.

RM: Oh, because of the war; yes. What was happening at Manhattan at that time?

JD: I don't think there were very many people, and I don't remember who they were. The only ones I was very close to were R. E. and Lona Williamson and their daughter.

Other Voice: Who was the old man who used to be the patrolman or policeman or whatever you want to call him?

JD: Oh, Eddie Critchfield. He was living in Round Mountain.

RM: So there were very few people living in Manhattan.

JD: Right.

RM: Were there any business establishments in Manhattan at that time?

JD: Yes, there were a couple of bars. Bob Selig had the lower bar and Frank Slade and his wife May . . .

RM: Were any mines working in Manhattan?

JD: R. E. Williamson was doing a little digging in the ground up there but he wasn't really making a very good living at it.

RM: Was it a placer or hard rock operation?

JD: Hard rock. The one right at the top of the hill - I think it was called Manhattan Gold.

RM: What was happening at Belmont - was there anybody living there?

JD: I don't think there was anyone except Franky Brotherton's dad and mother, Pauline and (names are the things I forget most) . . .

RM: What kinds of services were in the valley? Did you have electric power?

JD: No. We had our own little Kohler plant eventually. And eventually, after that, up at the station we had a Witte - a diesel generator.

RM: But there was a post office at Round Mountain?

JD: There was a post office. And something that might be interesting is that there was a telephone on a single wire from Round Mountain to Austin, with an operator down here and an operator up there. Everybody was on the same line, and everybody's phone rang when you turned the crank. It was really kind of fun, except it was very exasperating if you had to get a real important message from here to long distance somewhere. For instance, I would start out, and about halfway up the valley somebody else would be rubbering all the time. I mean, everybody did it.

RM: You mean listening?

JD: Yes, listening. And they would repeat it to the Austin operator and she would repeat it to whoever you had to get the message to. So it was not a very satisfactory thing, but it was communication, at least.

RM: Was it because there wasn't enough power for you to call Austin that the calls had to be relayed?

JD: No, if people had left their phones down we would have had enough power, but some people wouldn't do that.

RM: Oh, when it rang some of the people would just pick it up and listen.

JD: Yes. And it was kind of fun. Mary Rogers told me, one time, she could always tell when I was ringing the phone. I don't know what difference there was, but she always knew it was me.

RM: That's interesting.

JD: I thought it was fun. And also when the phone line would break in the cold or something, as we'd drive up and down the valley everybody in the valley kept an eye on that phone line because it was our only outside source of communication. And if you saw the line broken somewhere, you dug a piece of haywire out of your pickup (everybody carried haywire) and we'd wire the two ends of the wire together and lay them carefully on the tallest sagebrush we could find so it wouldn't ground out in the wet.

RM: It wasn't on telephone poles?

JD: It was on telephone poles originally, but there were cases where it would break for some reason or another. I'm not sure why it kept breaking; maybe the livestock got into it. Or the wires would fall down on the ground and the cows would walk through it and break it, or whatever.

RM: Who owned it?

JD: Bell. Not Nevada Bell. I guess it was Bell of Nevada, or something like that. I don't remember, but it was really nice when they put it in.

RM: Was it a trunk system in Austin that ended in Round Mountain?

JD: No, there was another line that went on to Manhattan and then to Tonopah. But that end of it, Manhattan-Tonopah, was owned by that Nevada telephone company. And when Bell put the new lines in, I have no idea what year it was, they only went as far as Round Mountain then, and the communication from Tonopah . . . I mean from Round Mountain to Manhattan had to go round by way of Reno to Austin.

RM: What if you wanted to call Tonopah?

JD: If you wanted to call Tonopah before that, you could call through.

RM: But you don't remember the year on that.

JD: I know it was a wonderful thing when they finally got that new line in.

RM: Do you remember what the charge was on that?

JD: I have no idea. The closest repair man lived in Ely.

RM: And you had to crank it, right?

JD: We had a crank phone. In fact I still have it up there at Gary's house.

RM: Did you get daily mail delivery?

JD: We got wonderful mail delivery. An old man named Henry Streshley, who we called Snooks, delivered the mail 6 days a week. He also picked up a spool of thread or a bunch of onions or a sack of potatoes or a loaf of bread or whatever else you needed in Austin. He went from Round Mountain to Austin with the mail and then he picked up whatever you needed and brought it back. He was a brother of Lena McCloud, who you've

probably heard of.

RM: No, I haven't.

JD: Well, she lived up on a ranch above Millett; she was married to Charlie McCloud.

RM: Was your mail addressed to Round Mountain?

JD: No, I think we got most of it addressed to Austin. You could get it either way, but if you had it addressed to Round Mountain it had to go into Round Mountain and then come back out the next day, so it was quicker to get it addressed to Austin.

RM: But Streshley would deliver it out of both places to the people along the valley?

JD: Right. We each had a canvas mail sack about a yard long and 1-1/2 feet wide with our name on it. It was kind of interesting. And he was so good to us. I don't think any of us would have made it without Snooks. But Snooks was an alcoholic and sometimes he was a little late with the mail. I remember one time he came down on a Saturday afternoon with our mail. While the men were taking some things out of the back of the truck that they'd ordered (I think Gerald had asked him to pick up a barrel of gas or something), Snooks handed me my sack of mail and he handed me another one. I looked at it and it said, "Schmidtlein," some people who lived up in Kingston. I said, "Snooks, this belongs to the Schmidtleins."

And he said, "Oh, you might as well keep it and read it this weekend, I'll pick it up Monday."

RM: [laughs] That's a good story.

JD: That's a true story. Needless to say, I didn't read it.

RM: Did you have a mailbox out in front that he would put the sack in?

JD: No, he'd just stop at the ranches. The road went almost through the middle of some of the ranches, anyway.

RM: I see. And he'd just hand you your sack then.

JD: Sure. And, if you had anything good, like a piece of pie or something, why he would come in and have a piece of pie and cup of coffee. And then when he got up to Round Mountain, Rene Berg used to feed him. Rene and Dan would fix him his dinner a lot of times. He was a permanent resident of Round Mountain.

RM: And he'd make the round trip every day.

JD: Yes. Six days a week.

RM: He left Austin, went to Round Mountain, and then back. How long did that go on, do you remember?

JD: Rene and I were trying to remember recently, and we neither one of us could remember how long it went on.

CHAPTER TWO

JD: Snooks was our source of information, too, because when he got to Austin he could hear the radio. Our radios were not operative during the daytime, as you know. But he would go to Austin, and of course this was during the war, and we got more news from him going to Austin and listening to the radio and then coming back and telling us what happened . . . I very, very plainly remember the day that Japan was bombed. He told us it was an A-bomb, and he also told us it was about the size of a baseball. Now where he got that information, I don't know.

RM: [laughs]

JD: But that's what he told us. And he also brought us the Reno Gazette every day but Sunday.

RM: Was it a day late?

JD: Sure. I think our Sunday paper was 2 days late.

RM: Did you subscribe to any other magazines or anything?

JD: Oh, yes. The Reader's Digest is the only one I think I've taken forever. I don't remember the others.

RM: OK. And you had a radio, but it was nonfunctional in the day.

JD: Yes, it worked at night.

RM: Do you remember any of the stations that you picked up or any programs that you would listen to at night that stand out in your memory?

JD: Walter Winchell, but I don't remember what station it came in on. We didn't have too much time for listening to anything except just the news. I don't know where we got the news. It was not a Reno station; probably Salt Lake.

RM: Could you describe what a typical day was like for you on the ranch

before you established the restaurant.

JD: Well, there were always animals to feed, I remember that distinctly. And then when Dick was little I had 10 bumper lambs that we had gotten from Frank Arcularius down there at the sheep camp.

RM: Where is the sheep camp?

JD: Just this side of the Maggie Blue's, that S-curve in the highway where the Belmont road goes in. Right up from the Belmont road there was a sheep camp and that's where they lambed out. All you had to do was go down there and ask for them and you could have the bumper lambs; they were the lambs which the mother either could not or would not feed, usually because she had 2 or 3 at a time. Most ewes will only feed one at a time. Some of them will take more, but they reject the others, so they just are wasted anyway unless somebody wants them. So I had 10 bumper lambs and Dick, and then Pete Bertolino gave me a colt which his mare had had which he did not want to bother with because she was the mare that he rode all the time. So I had all those animals and a baby on the bottle at one time.

RM: Oh, wow.

JD: That kept me busy, that time. Eventually, we got the colt and lambs on a pan of milk, but of course Dick still had his bottle. Then we raised fish for a while for the county.

RM: What kind of fish?

JD: Rainbow trout. They had determined that 90-some-odd percent of the trout that were planted in these streams were lost because they were fingerlings. Well, we had lots of good water - artesian wells - so we built some adjoining reservoirs and offered to raise the trout to catching size - I think it was 6 to 8 inches. We would keep half of the

county allotment of fingerlings for the cost of raising them and we could do whatever we wanted to, sell them or whatever. This went very well. It was doing OK, but it was time-consuming and we had to keep the big ones separated from the little ones. Unfortunately, trout don't all grow at the same rate of speed. Some of them would reach 8 inches or a foot before the others would be 3 inches, and the big ones would eat the little ones. You had to keep them separated out, which involved putting a seine in the water and, by hand, separating the big ones from the little ones.

RM: What is a seine?

JD: A long net. And that took 2 people to do. We could have used more help, too, but it took both of us. I finally got tired of standing out there in that cold water in hip boots. It was cold; that water is 52 degrees as it comes out of the ground. I got awfully tired of it, particularly the day that I went down on the bank of the pond where I always left my hip boots, and started to put them on and something was in it. I turned it over to see what was in my boot and it was a nest of mice.

RM: Oh. [Laughs]

JD: I didn't like that too well. So we dumped the little baby mice in the pond and the fish ate them all up before you could even . . .

RM: How many fish were you raising at a time? I don't even know how they figure fish.

JD: No, there was an enormous quantity. It was maybe 3000 or 2000 or something; I don't remember the figures.

RM: What did you feed them?

JD: Horse meat. At that time there was a bunch of wild horses around

the valleys and we got permission from the county commissioners who, at that time, had the say-so on the wild horses. They would go out and shoot the oldest studs that they could find. Some of our neighbors helped Gerald with it. And we only got one horse at a time because we didn't have the refrigeration. It was all ground up fine in a great big grinder that we had. It seems to me that it was mechanically operated, but I don't remember how it would be; maybe [it ran] off the light plant.

RM: Were there a lot of wild horses in the valley at that time?

JD: No, there weren't in this valley. I think they went over to Monitor to get them, or maybe Ralston Valley.

RM: Did a horse last quite a while?

JD: No, not too long. I remember that one time somebody concerned with the fish and game commission told us that young horse meat was excellent. One day they made a mistake and they shot at a big old stud and hit a colt. They brought it home and we tried it, and it was good.

RM: Is that right? I know that Europeans like it.

JD: So we had one of the fellows from the Reno office of the fish and game commission and Leo Funk, who was, at that time, the head of the county game board, out for some reason on business. We invited them for dinner and served them horse meat without their knowing it, and the man from Reno was simply furious. Oh! He ate it - he just really gorged himself on it. It was good. But he was not amused when we finally told him what he'd been eating. He's still living; I still see his name in the paper.

RM: Is that right. That's funny.

JD: I thought it was funny, too. Leo was not particularly pleased, but then he wasn't upset about it. He was a good sport.

RM: What other kinds of things did you do on the ranch?

JD: Well, we were always irrigating because we had alfalfa fields and they all had to be flood irrigated. No one had sprinklers. And then of course the hay had to be cut and it had to be fed to the animals and the whole bit.

RM: How many cuttings did you get a year?

JD: Three, I think. In a good year, maybe 4.

RM: Did you use all your own hay, or did you sell some?

JD: We sold some for people who had horses or something like that. Not ranchers, but individuals.

RM: How often did you go to Tonopah?

JD: Maybe every 2 or 3 months.

RM: That infrequently?

JD: Well, there really wasn't any reason to go.

RM: You didn't have to go in to shop?

JD: Well, we learned to keep things. I could make bread and so all we had to buy was flour and yeast; we had our own milk, butter and cream; lots of cream.

RM: So your diet you mainly produced here or you just bought the raw staples?

JD: Sugar and coffee and tea.

RM: Did you have fruit trees?

JD: Yes, there were 3 or 4 kinds of apples and a pear tree. The pear tree was a good producer. The apples were never very satisfactory. And we had our own chickens.

RM: Did you have a garden?

JD: Yes.

RM: Does a garden do well here?

JD: Beautifully.

RM: What did a typical evening consist of? It's hard for people in the radio and TV age to visualize how people spent their evenings.

JD: It's kind of hard for me to remember. What did we do? I read a lot, I know that. I always had to read the paper and listen to the news on the radio. We played things like cribbage and pinochle a lot. And when we could get together with our friends and neighbors we had panguingue ("pan") games that you wouldn't believe; sometimes they lasted all night. I learned to play pan after I came here and that was a great game. We had lots of fun.

RM: How would you describe social life in the valley then?

JD: I think we were all pretty dependent upon one another for social contacts.

RM: Did you see each other a lot or was it kind of infrequent?

JD: Not a lot. Most of the men were ranching and they didn't have the time to spend in the evenings. They were tired. They went to bed and we [women] went to bed, too.

RM: Would you go to bed early and get up early?

JD: Yes.

RM: What did you consider early then?

JD: Daylight. And we didn't stay up too late because all we had for light at first were kerosene lamps - Alladin lamps. They were good light. Provided you kept everything clean and trimmed and all that good stuff, it was delightful. Otherwise, if you had the windows open because it was warm the wind caused all kinds of problems with that kind of light. So I don't really remember what we did.

RM: When you got together with other people what kinds of things, besides the things you've already mentioned, did you do?

JD: We had a lot of potluck dinner type things and we celebrated everybody's birthday in the whole valley, maybe up to Millett - everybody from that way down. I remember Emma Rogers at the R.O. had a birthday on the 2nd of February. We always have an enormous dinner up there whether the weather permitted or not. A lot of times on the 2nd of February the weather's not permitting, but we went anyway. We all had pickups and we all looked to see that the other fellow made it. They didn't plow our roads in those days. They were just dirt roads and they were full of snow and it was hard to get around, but we always managed to get there. And we always made ice cream because, if I remember rightly, Emma was very fond of ice cream. I think that's why we always had ice cream at her house.

RM: And then did you have a cake and did people bring presents and everything?

JD: Cake, yes, but I don't remember about presents. I doubt that we did, because none of us had the kind of facilities for shopping. I presume a card was the best we probably made, but some of the ranchers would bring steaks or big roasts or chickens and all that.

The army air base at Tonopah was peopled with a lot of folks who missed home and we used to entertain a lot of the soldiers. The army air force had a rest camp at Darrough's Hot Springs. They'd bring them out for R&R for 5 days or a week or whatever it was. I don't remember how we got acquainted with these people but it seemed like we always had a house full of soldier boys to feed.

RM: After being raised in basically large cities, how did you find

adjustment to a really rural way of life?

JD: I loved it. And I never appreciated having a hot water heater or an electric stove or all those nice things that we take so for granted in our youth unless we do without them. I think everybody ought to live that way just long enough to get to appreciate things like bathtubs and inside toilets and all that good stuff.

RM: Yes, I remember when we were in Reveille Valley a Coleman lantern was considered a real luxury, because they were so much better than kerosene.

JD: I don't think we ever had Coleman lanterns, though. I think Alladin lamps were about the best we ever did.

RM: Well in the '50s we started off with kerosene, and when we saw somebody with a Coleman, wow, they really had it made.

So the plans for the state highway were made and the paving and all that got underway and you decided to put in a restaurant.

JD: Well actually, we put it in before they started the paving part of it. They had graded and graveled.

RM: Did you do that in anticipation?

JD: Yes.

RM: What was the thinking that went into that decision?

JD: Well, we weren't doing very well, financially, on the ranch, and at first it was my idea that if I could cook for people going along the road it might be a good deal. I love to cook. Gerald said, "OK, you can have a restaurant if I can have a bar."

And I said, "OK, you can have a bar if I can have a restaurant." So we sold the fish we had on hand for \$1500, and that was it. That was what we had to start out with - and end up with, actually. I think we sold some cattle later on, but I can't remember that part of it. We went

in to talk to John Connelly, who had the lumber yard in Tonopah, and told him what we needed and he went for it. He said, "OK, you can have credit and you may pay me at your leisure." I've always said that he was the only reason we really had it, because he was so good. Nobody knew us much, so we didn't have any credit. We bought an old house in Round Mountain from Wally Bird for \$100 worth of hay and we bought another old house which was located out in Monarch. Do you know where that is?

RM: No.

JD: It's out east of Manhattan and south of Belmont. We bought it from the Boni brothers, and they delivered it. As I recall they got \$50 for it, delivered; it wasn't very much. We put 2 houses together in an L-shape and then proceeded to tear out any inside walls and put them in where we needed them. And up in Round Mountain, a flood had gone through and swept through the corner of the hotel. The hotel was still standing but not totally; part of it had washed completely out. And one of the things that washed completely out was the bar. So we began searching around (somebody clued us into it; we didn't know where to look). We found the old bar from the Round Mountain Hotel buried in the sand.

RM: Is that right? Where the flood had washed it out?

JD: Yes. And we dug it up. It was mahogany; I think it's still at Carver's. Anyway, there were some windows and doors that did not belong to us but I think they landed down here. Would you say we high-graded it?

RM: Well, we used to call that the Midnight Developing Company.

JD: Oh, OK. I think that's how we got some windows and doors. I remember one of the doors had a number on it and . . . we got a lot of things from Mr. Connelly.

RM: Did you do all the work yourselves?

JD: There was an old man who helped us named Barney Barnhurst. He was living over with Pete and Mary Rogers at the next ranch up here. He wanted something to do and he was a carpenter by trade so we hired him. He got his board and room and a very small salary (if any; I can't remember). And after we opened the bar, he could have all the booze he wanted.

RM: [chuckles]

JD: And he was an alcoholic, too. We seemed to pick up with old alcoholic men. (There were more in our lives, too. I mean up there at [Carver's] Station.) Barney helped a lot; he was a good carpenter. And Gerald did the best he could and learned as he went along. I remember that more than anything in the world he wanted a new Disston saw. He got one, somehow, and proceeded to almost cut his thumb off.

RM: Now, this is a hand saw, right?

JD: Yes. I don't know exactly how he did it, but I know it was a bloody mess. Anyway, we didn't put any rooms on in either building at first because we wanted an open dance hall. We put the bar in, and we opened on the 4th and 5th of April of 1948 - a Saturday and Sunday night. We had a live band that came to play for us. I think Tony Rodell and Bob Warren from Tonopah were in it, and I can't remember who the other 2 were. (Or maybe it was only one person.)

Anyhow, Gerald went to Tonopah and took Dick, who was about 4, and bought booze and beer and ice and all that sort of thing, and bread and cheese and salami. And I kept Gary home with me; he was only 2.

We were living up at the station by then. We had goats because Gary was allergic to cow's milk, and one of the mother goats had died and left

a pair of twins to take care of. Gerald had built a little fence around the back yard for the the little kids. We fed them with bottles, but every once in a while one of them would get out. I think now, looking back, that Gary might have let them out. But anyway, one of them would get out and they would go around to the front of the building and get up on the cars. Some of the newer cars at that time were slanted in back - Pontiacs particularly, I remember. The baby goats would jump up on the hood, jump up on the roof and slide down the back. It wasn't very good for the customers' cars.

RM: [laughs]

JD: I was always and forever wishing that those goats were gone. We finally got rid of one, but the other one was still there one time when we were having a dance. We had 2 outhouses in the back. They were in one building, but it was divided in half - one for the ladies and one for the men. And the men's side had a square place for a urinal. So Gary came in with his most angelic expression on his face and he said, "Mamma, the goat got out. But I put her where she won't bother you any."

I said, "Fine, what did you do with her?"

He said, "I put her out in the outhouse."

So I thought, "Well, I'd better go get the poor little thing out of the outhouse." I opened one door and looked and there was no goat, so I opened the other door and there was no goat there either. But I could hear it down in the pit, which had been there for 2 or 3 years . . . no, it hadn't been there that long. Anyway, I had to reach down and pull that poor little goat . . . and a baby goat's horns and ears are extremely tender. That's all I could reach, and he was stuck. I had to pull that little goat out and then I had to give him a bath. We got it

done, anyway. But I couldn't get mad at Gary because after all, he was trying to help.

RM: He was trying to help you, wasn't he?

JD: He was just being a good boy. I know that that outhouse had been there at least 2 years. It was a mess - yuck!

RM: To back up, you had your grand opening . . .

JD: We had a grand opening and we danced all night Saturday night and then some people went home and some people just went out in the car and went to sleep. And then they danced all night Sunday night.

RM: Was it mainly locals or were people coming in from Austin and Tonopah?

JD: Tonopah, Austin, everywhere. I don't remember where they all came from. I couldn't believe there were that many people in this valley. I still have people come in and remind me of the night we opened - it was a party they remember. I think we barbecued something - beef, no doubt.

RM: Was the building you built essentially the same one there or has it been expanded?

JD: We expanded it every time we got enough money. We tried to keep things on a cash basis as far as possible. Of course it's not always possible, but . . .

CHAPTER THREE

RM: What was it like when you opened the restaurant and bar? You were almost overnight tossed into a new role . . . before you'd been a ranch wife, and now suddenly . . .

JD: We had other people to talk to. It was wonderful. It gave us something to keep us very busy.

RM: How did that affect you?

JD: I really enjoyed meeting the people coming in off the highway. Of course most of our customers at first were just local people - people we had already known. But that was one of the reasons we wanted it, because there was no place - say, a neutral place - to get together. And this way we could have parties at our place and all - dance or drink or whatever it was that people wanted to do - play poker, play . . . I remember one time the old miners were having a poker game and they kept trying to get me to play poker. I kept telling them I didn't know much about it (well, I'd never played poker for money), but I had played poker for those coupons that used to come on Raleigh cigarettes. And we played for coupons as though they were worth \$100 each, I think. I wasn't a bad poker player, but I'd never played for money and I didn't have the money to play for money either. But these old miners kept talking to me about, "Come on, let's get you in here. Let's get some of your money."

So I said, "OK." And I sat down with them, because I didn't have any other customers at the moment. We started playing, and I was playing a very conservative game, and it had been quite a few years since I played. I was being very proper and conservative and everything, and all of a sudden I got a hand that I could do it with and I bluffed them. I

bluffed them all out of a lot of money - it was a pure bluff - and they never found out what happened. It was loads of fun. I quit playing then; I didn't play any more poker for money. But it was fun.

RM: Initially, most of your customers were local people?

JD: Yes. And we had, and still have, Indians in the valley. At that time the federal government had a law against selling liquor to the Indians, but there was no state law against it. We weren't troubled with any feds around here, so we used to sell them booze. But they were very smart. If a stranger came in and they didn't know where he came from or who he was, they backed off and they didn't order anything and didn't drink anything. They'd play the slot machines or something till this stranger would go on. But I didn't feel guilty about it. I tried to keep the law pretty well, but I never felt guilty about that because I felt they were discriminating against a race of people. And they were fine people; they were wonderful people.

RM: Where did the Indians live in the valley then?

JD: There was a couple that lived next door at Pete and Mary Roger's ranch. They had a little house of their own. Their names were Johnny and Minnie Abe. Minnie made deerskin gloves. You would take her your deerskins and she would put your hand down and copy around it and boy, when you got your gloves, they fit. And after you had worn them - after my husband had used them for building fence or something and he'd torn a finger, say - we'd take it up to Minnie and she'd take it out and put a new finger in it. Boy, it was nice. I think she charged \$5 for hand-made, custom-made gloves. Oh, they were beautiful.

RM: Wow. What did he do?

JD: Johnny would help feed on the ranch. Then there was another couple,

Juanita and Pug Ike, who lived up right north of North Twin. Somebody told me one time that that was not an Indian ranch, but I know it was because I was here when they lived there. Anyway, a lot of them had been moved over to Reese River by that time. They established a reservation over there and built them houses and everything and they had moved over there.

RM: So the Indians here moved to Reese River.

JD: Most of them.

RM: About how many Indian families would you say there were in the valley when you came?

JD: Oh, maybe half a dozen, but they kept milling around. Those over there would come back to see these over here and vice-versa. We had a gas pump. It was just for convenience, because we kept having to go out to the barrel at the light plant and pour out a gallon of gas to get somebody where he was going. The pump was one of those that you pumped by hand up into a glass thing on top, and then it ran out by gravity. At night we turned off the light plant and we went to bed, and one night I was there by myself (I don't remember where Gerald was) and somebody drove up to the gas pump. And we had the rule that after the lights were off you couldn't have any more liquor. But if you really needed gas, we'd get up and get it, either one of us. Well, somebody drove up to the gas pump and I was a little . . . not timid, because there weren't very many strangers in the country, but I was a little apprehensive. I turned the lights on and discovered it was one of our Indian friends from the reservation over in Reese River. So I went and filled up the tank, and it only took about \$1 worth of gasoline, and I said, "Gee. How come you only needed that much gas to get home on?"

"Well," he said, "I just wanted to be sure I had plenty." And so we went down to where the cash register was on the inside and I was looking for his change and about that time he grinned at me and said, "Gee, as long as you're up and you got the lights on, and everything, I wonder if you'd let me have a 6-pack of beer."

RM: That's what it was all about?

JD: Sure. I thought that was so funny I sold it to him.

RM: So the Indians in the valley basically went over to Reese River to the Indian community.

JD: Most of them.

RM: Was there a pretty large Indian community in Reese River at that time?

JD: I think so. We had some more Indians living in Round Mountain after the mine opened up in '49; they came to work at the mine from Reese River. But I don't remember any others living close by.

RM: Did the paving of the road to Austin have a big impact on the valley?

JD: Not at first. It was originally planned as a farm access road, and ultimately became a truck route in the early '60s, probably. That lasted until just about the time I retired.

RM: And then it ceased?

JD: Then they finished the cutoff over there by Hiko, the Sunnyside cutoff, which made it shorter for people to come down to Wells and Ely and across the Sunnyside cutoff to Vegas. But before that they came from, like, Twin Falls to Wells to Elko to Carlin to almost Eureka, and then across Highway 50 to 8A (and then this highway was 8A).

RM: To get to Vegas?

JD: No, to get to Tonopah and then to Bishop and on in to L.A. They were almost all transporting perishables and farm products.

RM: So this was a major truck route.

JD: It was for that period of time. That's when we put in the diesel. And that really kept us busy; we started staying open 24 hours a day.

RM: When did it start becoming a notable truck route?

JD: Well, up to 1952 there was no paved road in this area between 50 and 40, which is now Interstate 80. In '52 they paved the road between Austin and Battle Mountain and they started using it - not a lot, but some.

RM: Because your road here was paved up to Austin but the other leg of it wasn't?

JD: Right. And then they started gradually coming down through that way, and then eventually - in '55 - they paved the road between Carlin and Eureka. And that's when they really started coming a lot, because it gave them a good shortcut. These trucks are coming from Montana, Idaho and Canada into the L.A. area, so it made a good shortcut for them.

RM: Why couldn't they have gone down through Reno and 395 or whatever it is down to Bishop?

JD: Well, if you look at your map you'll see that there are summits after summits after summits that they were trying, of course, to get away from. And the reason that the Battle Mountain road didn't open up as quickly as it would have if they'd done the other one first, was because they didn't like that Austin summit.

RM: Oh. Is that a rough summit?

JD: Yes, it's a tough one for trucks.

RM: I don't know if I've been over the summit or not.

JD: Seventy-five hundred feet, approximately.

RM: So now those people coming from Montana and up in there go on which route?

JD: Wells and Ely and the Sunnyside cutoff to Las Vegas and then . . . that makes a real good route for them.

RM: And you say they started doing that about 1975?

JD: It was whatever year they finished the Sunnyside cutoff. Before, if they went to Ely they had to go over Conner's Summit. And then there were a couple of more summits down on 95 going to Vegas.

RM: So you had a 20-year period here when you were really getting a lot of truck traffic.

JD: And our personnel at that point became a man and a woman on each of 3 shifts every day, all day, all night.

RM: So that within a period of 7 years, let's say, from '48 to 1955, it went from a local mom-and-pop operation to a big business.

JD: Well, it wasn't all of a sudden because it was so gradual that I think we didn't even know it happened until afterwards, till we were too busy to care.

RM: So then you put in diesel?

JD: One diesel pump. And I remember one year we pumped 3/4 of a million gallons of diesel through one pump - that's a lot of diesel.

RM: Yes.

JD: Those boys were taking anywhere from 50 to 300 gallons of diesel at a time. And during the energy crunch in '73 we were fortunate enough to have a supplier who gave us all we could sell. Everybody else . . . I don't know quite why, in southern California they were limiting those big trucks to 25 gallons a sale.

RM: Wow. You can't go anywhere on that.

JD: They couldn't; they were helpless. And it made us a lot of friends, because they knew we could give them all they wanted.

RM: Where were you supplied out of?

JD: A friend who lived in Bishop had a truck route, and he had some important connections somewhere along the line - I don't know what they were. All I know is that he had all the diesel he could sell.

RM: Did you always buy your diesel out of Bishop?

JD: No, we bought it from Cavanaugh Brothers in Tonopah for a long time. They were very, very nice to us but their price was a little high. We got a chance to get an independent supplier out of Bishop, and it worked out very, very well.

RM: So then you were open 3 shifts, 7 days. That is really 4 sets of employees isn't it, if people get a day off.

JD: Almost. If we didn't have relief, though, we just worked 12-hour shifts for each other. It was a matter of everybody doing everything. The men were supposed to tend bar and take care of the diesel pumps - we had 2 gas pumps by then, too. But if I needed help with the dishes the bartender might come down there and if he had to pump diesel, I had to go up and take care of the bar. We gals cooked, served, did dishes, tended bar and sometimes we had to go out and gas and pump diesel.

RM: So the customer didn't pump it himself, you pumped it for them?

JD: Yes, we always pumped it. That was one of the reasons they liked to stop there; we washed their windshield and checked their oil and we checked their tires . . .

I remember one day there was a fire or some type of emergency that took all the men from the country around here, so I was alone when a

truck drove up for diesel. I always took a bath and put on fresh clothes everyday, and I had just come to work and I gave him his coffee and whatever it was and gave him his food to eat, then I ran over across the street, where the diesel pumps were, to fill up the tank. I climbed up on his front fender to get up where I could reach the windshields. He had steps so that you wouldn't step on his paint, and I was very careful to never step on anybody's paint (I learned that quickly). When I was getting down, I stepped onto the running board. I was in a hurry and trying to get done quickly, and without thinking I stepped backwards, thinking I was on the ground. Well I wasn't. Those running boards on trucks are 30 inches from the ground, and I stepped backwards and landed on my ankle which didn't break or get sprained or something, but I rolled from my ankle clear up to my shoulder. Well, I was all dirty but I didn't have time to go take a bath and change my clothes. And it kind of took the air out of me, too. But it didn't hurt me any. That's an experience I won't forget.

RM: Did you every provide any mechanic service?

JD: If we had someone here who was able to, but only the most necessary things. We did have an air compressor. We tried not to do any more than we had to, but one thing I never learned to do was repair a truck tire.

RM: That's hard work, I'd think.

JD: I didn't have the strength for it.

RM: What did the truckers do when they broke down in these remote areas?

JD: Call their office and tell them to send somebody to fix it. The big companies all had their own field mechanics anyway.

RM: Did you begin to develop friendships with some of the truckers?

JD: Oh yes; wonderful friends. They were steady customers back and

forth every week - twice a week or once a week.

RM: Where were they going between, most of them?

JD: The majority of them [were going between] the Los Angeles area and Canada. A lot of them hauled bananas. One night when I was the filling station attendant on graveyard shift for some reason, I fueled 14 truckloads of bananas that belonged to one company. And then somebody ran out of fuel about halfway from here to Tonopah and I had to take him enough fuel to get him up here.

RM: Were the bananas going from L.A. to Canada?

JD: Long Beach is an open port or whatever they call it where they don't have to go through customs or anything. They unload directly onto the Canadian trucks in Long Beach so they don't have to go through customs on either end. And I think the Canadians must live on bananas all winter, because I never saw so many . . . and they were all going to Edmonton and Calgary. At least that was their distribution point. Maybe they took them other places from there.

RM: Were there any truck lines that you remember?

JD: IdaCal out of Twin Falls, Wagner out of Twin Falls . . . there were a lot of independents too, by the way, like Mooney out of one of the small towns around Twin Falls.

RM: You didn't get much east-west traffic, yours was more north-south.

JD: It was all north-south. And they were good to us and we were good to them.

RM: In what sense were they good to you?

JD: They were very faithful to fill up as much as they were allowed to. Some of the companies said you could get 50 gallons there. Some of the companies said, "Fill up there." Some of the companies even said, "Don't

go by there. Stop every time you go by." Because we were the only stop on the route they took from Carlin to Tonopah, and they didn't want them in Tonopah because the trucks made too much noise and there wasn't any place to park and all that. So it meant going as far as Bishop or Coaldale, before they could . . .

RM: And they wanted to make sure you stayed in business.

JD: It was neat. We made an awful lot of good friends, some of whom I still keep in touch with.

RM: What difficulties did you have with hiring a lot of employees.

JD: We had a lot of difficulties because you can't just hire anybody and turn your business over to them, which was what it amounted to. But Rene went to work for me in 1960 and she's still up there.

RM: Is that right?

JD: I don't know how she does it.

RM: It's been almost 30 years then, hasn't it?

JD: Longer than I stayed there. I think I was only there for 27 years. Then Lona Williamson from Manhattan went to work for me. She liked to work graveyard, and she was a character of the first water. A lovely person - she'd give you the shirt off her back. She didn't care what she said or who she said it to. She rolled her own cigarettes in brown paper with Prince Albert tobacco, then put them in a cigarette holder, which was different. Many, many people remember Lona and ask about her. They may not remember her name, but they still ask about her. She passed away a few years ago. But she was a treasure. Then there was a lady named Molly Andreason who worked graveyard after Lona got sick. She died of cancer, and Molly worked for a long time.

I can't remember who else worked for me. I know there were a lot of

people. But the men were more . . . the men had to have enough brains to make out a diesel ticket. We had to account to the state for every single gallon of diesel that we sold.

RM: Because of the tax on it?

JD: Yes. Some of the things are tax free, and some things you collect at the pump, but most of the truckers paid their tax directly to the state. But the state had to have the exact amount of how much they had bought. And it was kind of exacting. It wasn't anything difficult, but some people can't even do that. I don't know whether it's a talent for doing that sort of thing, or intelligence, or what. It seemed fairly simple to me, but some people couldn't handle it.

RM: How was the bar business?

JD: Mighty minor most of the time, unless somebody decided to have a party. But I did not like the bar business.

RM: Why not?

JD: I don't like to be around drunks and I don't have too much patience with a drunk. And you do have to have a lot of patience with people when you're serving them, or trying to. I was not the best bartender.

RM: Was the bar business good?

JD: It was profitable.

RM: You had a lot of customers, then?

JD: Quite a lot. We put in slot machines. First we put them in on consignment. These people would bring in the slot machines and set them up and then they'd come by every 2 weeks, or maybe once a month, empty out the change and give you half of it.

RM: So you didn't have to get a license, or did you?

JD: Oh yes, we had to have a license just the same.

RM: Was that hard to get?

JD: No.

RM: Was it in yours or your husband's name, or both?

JD: I think it was in [as] Carver's Station because that was the registered name of the business. And then I think as long as he lived it was in his name and when he died it was in my name. I don't really remember.

RM: When did he die?

JD: 1956.

RM: What did he die of?

JD: A heart attack.

RM: So then you were left with 2 children and a business to run. Was that tough for you? Did you find that transition hard?

JD: Well, kind of. But Gary was a big help. He would cook for us. He didn't mind cooking, even as little as he was. He cooked for himself and his brother. Dick would have starved to death if it had been up to him.

RM: They didn't eat in the restaurant?

JD: Oh, yes. We lived right there. But Gary would go get them something to eat if I didn't have time to fix it, and a lot of times I didn't. He was a real helper. And Dick was real good with mechanics. Even as little as he was he was a top-notch mechanic. He could pump gas and all that sort of thing, so it worked out all right. We made it. I'm not sure how, but we made it.

RM: Yes. And that was just about the time when the trucking business was really expanding, wasn't it?

JD: Well, it started so gradually that we really didn't know what was going on for a long time. But I did have to have help after that.

RM: Before that it was just you and your husband.

JD: Just the 2 of us.

RM: What hours were you open initially?

JD: Oh, as I recall from about 7:00 in the morning till maybe 10:00 or 11:00 at night.

RM: How did you work that? Those just seem like crushing hours to me.

JD: Well, it wasn't all work, either. We sat down a lot.

CHAPTER FOUR

JD: I always took a nap in the afternoon. And then Gerald stayed up at night and we both got up in the morning, because we had to get the kids off to school and clean up the place. Gerald was the school bus driver for many years, too.

RM: Oh really? Even when you had the place?

JD: Yes. We didn't have very many kids in the valley and they had to be taken up to Round Mountain to go to school, so he would load up our station wagon with kids. I don't know how long he did that.

RM: Were there very many kids here in the early '50s?

JD: I don't know how many there were in school. There weren't a lot, let's put it that way. For a time there was one teacher with all the grades. We've often laughed about it, because in 1970 there were 10 kids, one teacher. Now there are pretty close to 400 kids and 18 teachers, or something like that.

RM: That's amazing.

JD: When it came time for my kids to go to high school, I decided I didn't want them to have to go to Tonopah, because they would have to live in there.

RM: They didn't have a bus then?

JD: No, they had no transportation of any kind and they were too young to have a car of their own. So I sent them to school over in California. They were going to have to be gone anyway and I had an opportunity to send them to a public high school in Tollhouse, California. What happened was, the mine opened in about '57, I think, and at that time Morrison Knudsen had a contract to do the mining. And the man who was in

charge of Morrison Knudsen's crew and his wife are good friends of ours. They had just come from a job near Tollhouse and their children had been going to school there, and she highly recommended it. In fact, her daughter was still going to high school over there. So I wrote and asked them if I could send Dick and they said I could if I could find a place for him to board. Well, my friend from M-K arranged that - found a place for him to live with some lovely, lovely people. So he went over there and it was a school that had all kinds of things, like a big ranch where they raised cattle for the 4-H and an auto shop and a wood shop and the whole 9 yards of real good things for kids to learn. And then a year later, Gary started to school over there, too. We found another place for him to live right next door to where Dick was, so it worked out very nicely.

RM: How did they feel about going clear over there?

JD: Oh, I think they loved it. They always seemed to be really happy about it.

RM: Where is Tollhouse?

JD: It's in the foothill area of the Sierras, directly east of Fresno. The school is between Auberry and Tollhouse out in the country. Each of them could raise their calves for 4-H. At that time it was the richest public school district in the state of California, because there was a hydroelectric plant in one of those canyons and the power lines went across school property and the power company paid a lot of money for the privilege. So that's why they had everything they needed.

RM: How did you develop your menu when you opened the restaurant?

JD: Oh, that was hard. We decided that we could only serve what we could keep on hand, what we had access to. And ham, of course, keeps

well. Eventually I became acquainted with some truckers who were hauling ham and got all the hams from them. But originally I think I must have gotten them from Tonopah; we bought a lot of stuff from Tonopah. The things we had to have fresh we always bought in Tonopah at Coleman's. They were really good to us.

RM: In what sense?

JD: Well, whatever we needed they would get it for us. We had a nice relationship with them.

RM: How did you happen to start getting ham from the truckers?

JD: Well, a fellow by the name of Ad Reese was hauling meat from Billings to Los Angeles. And he said, "Hey, I can bring you ham. We've got the best processor in Billings that you ever saw." It was Midland Packing Company, and Ad brought us 3 hams a week, 4 hams a week, eventually a case of hams a week.

RM: Is that right? Well, you were noted for your ham and eggs, weren't you?

JD: Yes, that was our specialty.

RM: How did that happen?

JD: Well it was mostly because ham was the easiest thing for us to get, and we cut them ourselves. Rene and I were the "expert" cutters. If I didn't do it, she did it.

RM: And what was the secret in the cutting?

JD: Make them generous.

RM: I cannot put a year on it, but I can remember my dad and I driving up here, I think the first time we came up here, and he said, "Let's go up to Carver's and get some ham and eggs; they're famous for it all over the country. Truckers from everywhere know about it."

JD: That's true. I don't really know what was the difference except that we figured that whatever we did, we'd do well. We may not have a big menu, but we tried to do the best we could. And I think for a long time that's all we served.

RM: Ham and eggs?

JD: Or bacon and sausage. They were all easy to get and easy to keep.

RM: You didn't serve anything else, sandwiches or anything?

JD: I think we did serve sandwiches like tuna fish and deviled egg, or egg salad or whatever you want to call it, or fried egg, and cheese. I think that was all we had. But they kept calling for hamburger, hamburger, hamburger, so we finally started serving hamburgers, or a hamburger steak for dinner, and then eventually we got into rib steaks. But they were all generous sized.

RM: That was the key, then?

JD: I think it was. And it was quality food to begin with.

RM: How was it that you could give a generous portion where other restaurants didn't?

JD: Because money's never been that important to us.

RM: I see. You weren't interest in squeezing a few extra cents out of it.

JD: Not really, no. I'll probably die poor but that's all right. I've had a lot of fun doing it.

RM: Did you make a decision to go with generous portions from the very beginning?

JD: Yes.

RM: What was your thinking in doing that?

JD: Well, if you're not going to do a good job of something, you might

as well not do it. I think that must have been what I thought.

RM: Was it the same way in the bar with generous portions of liquor?

JD: Well, yes, I think it was. Of course, things like beer come in measured amounts. But with a lot of our bar customers, we knew what they could handle and what they wanted. If somebody came in and we knew they wanted a generous highball, that's what they got. And if some lady came in and we knew she really didn't want to drink at all, but she had to keep up with the crowd, we might pour in a half a shot, and that's what she wanted. But you have to know your customers to do that. That was an advantage to us, because we really did know most of our customers. Or at least we got acquainted with them after they'd been there a while.

RM: What did you do about refrigeration initially?

JD: Started out with a refrigerator - a kerosene Servel. Did you ever cope with that?

RM: Not a kerosene. We've used gas, but never kerosene.

JD: It was a good refrigerator, but the wind would blow it out every once in a while. It was kind of a touchy thing to get it started again. But that's all we had to begin with. And it was a home model, too; it wasn't commercial. But eventually we added on. As we had the money to do so we bought this and that and the other thing and finally ended up with a great big Coke box and a built-in box that you could open from the front or the back and a great big walk-in box. It's easily as big as my kitchen now.

RM: And you just kept adding as the business grew?

JD: Yes. We had to do that. I'm one of those funny people who doesn't like to borrow money unless I can pay it back tomorrow. Although we had a lot of things we had to buy on time.

RM: And you bought most of your things and your supplies in Tonopah?

JD: As often as we could, we did.

RM: Where else did you buy?

JD: Well, eventually the salesmen came in from Reno and Las Vegas, like liquor salesmen, and eventually they even brought the stuff in by truck. The truck would come in every week or 2 weeks, or whatever it was.

RM: You mean liquor, or pop, or whatever.

JD: The whole bit. Bill Kretschmer had the bottling company in Tonopah. There was somebody before that who had the bottling company, but I can't remember his name, and then Kretschmer took it over and he was a fine friend. He gave us credit when we needed it and gave us delivery when we needed it.

The day we opened up we didn't have any money to buy any booze, and we had to have some booze in order to get customers. So Gerald went next door to Pete Rogers' (Gerald and Pete were friends). Pete loaned him \$200 and he took it to Tonopah and bought the whiskey and beer and the next morning - Sunday morning - we were out of supplies. So he took the \$200 back to Pete and then he took the rest of the money and went back to Tonopah and got enough for that night. I always said Pete was kind of to blame for putting us in business. I thought that was neat of him to do.

RM: When did you add gas to the operation?

JD: I haven't the slightest idea.

RM: Shortly after you opened, do you think?

JD: Yes, it didn't take too long because we got awfully tired of going down to the light plant to get somebody some gas when they ran out. They wouldn't have enough to get to Tonopah or Austin or . . .

RM: And there wasn't a gas station at Round Mountain, was there?

JD: There wasn't a gas station anywhere within miles - 60 miles, to be exact. No, I'll take that back. There was a gas station at Millett, about 15 miles north, but they weren't there very often. And then there was one at the Frontier Tavern at the intersection of 50 and 8A. But if they were going south there was nothing till they got to Tonopah.

RM: And when you opened, you were running off of your own electric plant, weren't you?

JD: Yes, we had a little 5-watt Kohler gas plant.

RM: I see - that you'd been using with your home.

JD: We just put that up there. We put in the diesel plant, I think, in 1950, because the little one just wasn't big enough.

RM: And when did you add the diesel pumps?

JD: It was in the early '60s, but I don't remember what year.

RM: It would have been after the truckers started coming by.

JD: Yes. They kept asking for it. We decided, OK, we'll go for it.

RM: Did you do any advertising or anything?

JD: We had a dance hall for years. Right at first it was because there was a crew working on the highway and there was another crew opening the mine at Round Mountain in '49 and '50 and '51. And during the time we had the dance hall we always advertised. We put out placards in different communities, because people came from all over the place to go to the dances. And they never went home, I swear; they stayed all night. And after Gerald died I was just unable to cope with that. In fact, before Gerald died I think we were both unable to cope with it. It was just too much work. We might net \$600 or \$800 in an evening, but it wasn't worth it. It was just too exhausting.

And so when all those crews left we just quit having dances. But we

never did do very much advertising any other time for the simple reason that we had so many good customers who advertised for us, and word-of-mouth is the best advertising.

RM: Jean, you mentioned a character in Round Mountain we were going to come back and talk about.

JD: Herman Schappel. I'm not sure that I remember it correctly, but as I recall he was an officer in the Prussian army in World War I, and he had an uncle (how the uncle got here or why or anything, I don't know) who owned property in Jefferson Canyon about 3 or 4 miles up from town. Herman eventually acquired it through his uncle's death, and I think there was some question as to how he got it, but anyway he did get it. He was a tremendously interesting man. He had, of course, quite a German accent, and he was a great big man. He was probably the best hunting and fishing person that I've ever known. He could go out and fish and get trout this long while the rest of us would catch them this long.

RM: OK, you're showing me about 4 inches versus 14 or 15 inches.

JD: And he would always get his deer and he was very generous. He would share it with us or with other people. He lived up there in the canyon in an old stone house. His hobby was fixing clocks, and he was good at it. He had lots of clocks. (I only was in his cabin one time.) And next door to the cabin was a great big wooden boardinghouse. At the time the mine had been running, apparently it was where they all ate. I don't know whether there was a dormitory attached or not - I didn't ever go through it.

But he had a little picnic area built right next to the stream and we used to go up there and have picnics a lot. He loved to have people come see him. He always had whiskey around and almost got insulted if

you said, "No thank you, I don't want a drink." Well, you'd go up there at 10:00 in the morning and he thought you should have a drink, which didn't appeal to most of us at that time of day.

Anyway, he was very generous. In the wintertime when the snow got heavy he would move down to his little cabin in Round Mountain. And he always, as I recall, was as neat as a pin. There was no junk around it; it was all cleaned up. And I presume that the interior was equally clean. He was always nice and clean and dressed in working clothes which were not ragged or dirty.

I don't remember the year that it happened, but one year we looked up in the canyon on a Sunday morning and this plume of smoke was just billowing up. And people went up there (he was a great friend of Jimmy Wolfe and I know Jimmy came out from Tonopah). The upshot of it was that apparently he had sat on a keg of dynamite, or at least a box of dynamite and, whether deliberately or not, nobody will ever know, the thing exploded. It happened in the boardinghouse and it burned - there was just stuff all over that whole area. The only part of him that they found to prove he was there was this much of his thumb, and you may have seen the print of his thumb, greatly enlarged, up in the D.A.'s office or someplace like that. I've seen it in Tonopah.

RM: They printed the remains of his thumb.

JD: That was all they found. And he had worked for the Forest Service part time, so they had his fingerprints on file. He'd build trails and haul fish in to plant and things like that. But while the war was still on it intrigued everybody because they always felt that he might be acting as a spy. And I'm sure in my own heart that he wasn't, but I have no proof of it.

RM: But what would he spy on in Round Mountain?

JD: Yes, out here what was there? But there was quite a lot of speculation about what he was doing up there. I don't think he was doing any more than just enjoying himself.

RM: And how did you say he earned a living?

JD: He had money. I don't know whether he mined it, or his uncle left it to him or what, but he always had plenty of money. But he was a nice man, very gentle.

CHAPTER FIVE

JD: I've mentioned that we were associated with a lot of drunks. I thought that might bear a little explanation because one of the nicest people, someone who helped me a great, great deal, was an old man by the name of Browny - his name was Earnest Brown Parks. He was quite a character. He was an old miner and he didn't have any home or any relatives except a sister in California. Somehow he drifted in, I'm not sure how, but pretty soon he was doing the dishes or waiting on somebody or he was tending bar or something. And I never did pay him for any of it. But he ate with us and he also drank with us.

He was so funny. He would go up behind the bar and serve somebody a drink and then, when he thought I wasn't looking, he would reach down below the bar and pull the brandy bottle up underneath the front part of the bar and get a shot glass and put it over there next to it. And then he would look around and see whether I was watching him or not, and if I wasn't, he would pour a shot - I saw him do it so many times I don't know why he didn't think I knew he was doing it, but I didn't care. After all, the man was being helpful. And then he'd turn his back to me and toss it down. It was so funny. After a long time he got to picking up money around there and I had to let him go and tell him he couldn't go behind the bar anymore. It just broke his heart.

He still came up to the station but he stayed outside and talked to people there. He loved to talk to people and he told some of the biggest windys I've ever heard in my life - hilariously funny ones. He told me one time that he was staying in the Sierra Nevadas in a cabin and it started to snow, and it snowed so hard it snowed a foot an hour for 48

hours and it was clear up to the roof of his cabin. All I can say is, that's a big tall cabin.

RM: That's funny.

JD: But he was a nice man and he did eventually die in the little trailer that he lived in.

RM: Where was his trailer?

JD: Right down here under the trees. He went to sleep one day and he just didn't wake up. And he's buried up in Round Mountain.

RM: Do you have any other tall tales like that or stories, either true or half-true?

JD: Yes. There was a man by the name of Noble Getchell who used to own the Getchell Mine.

RM: Where is that?

JD: Up out of Winnemucca, I believe. And he was related to the McClouds who lived up the valley and he came down here to see them occasionally. So he used to come down to the bar and he was a most interesting man. I think he and Roy Hardy were 2 of the most prominent mining men in the country at that time.

RM: Was this in the early '50s or late 40s?

JD: Probably '50s, I would think. He had some marvelous stories to tell, but they were mostly about the Battle Mountain area. One story . . . well, the railroad came through Battle Mountain. And the Nevada Hotel was directly across the highway from where the train stopped. One day the train pulled in and this fellow had obviously been on a drunk and needed a drink badly. He saw the bar across at the Nevada Hotel and raced over there. In the interim there was an old prospector who lived around the area who came in the bar frequently, and he was an epileptic. He had

walked up to the bar and ordered a drink. The bartender handed him the bottle and the glass and the old drunk poured himself a shot, tossed it down and fell over backwards in a epileptic fit. The drunk from the train across the street walked in just in time to see this old man fall backwards unconscious, and he ordered a drink. The bartender set the same bottle and another glass down in front of him and the drunk looked at the fellow on the floor and he looked at the bartender and he said, "Oh no, you don't do that to me."

Another one he told me he was from the days when Highway 40 - now Interstate 80 - was still a dirt road. The Nevada Hotel had an old prospector who was the janitor, and he was mopping up the floor in the Nevada Hotel. A lady and 2 little kids came in, from back east. She said very politely to this fellow, "Could you tell me where the rest room is?"

And he looked around the lobby and said, "Well just sit anywhere here."

But stories about Nye County . . . I wonder if I can remember who told me these stories. I think it was old Joe McCann, who used to live in McCann Station.

RM: And where was that?

JD: McCann Station is in or beyond Monitor Range somewhere . . . just a dirt road and I've never been over there.

RM: And there was a station there at one time?

JD: Apparently. In the very early days; you can read about it in the history books. Anyway, Joe lived with us for a time and told us many stories, but this one in particular I liked. He said that there was an old Scotsman who was working in the mines in Belmont and he had gone on

an awful binge and was pretty hung over. So while nobody was watching he went down in the basement in the lower rooms of the mill where there was apparently a big furnace of some kind, but there was a lot of cold air. This was in the wintertime - he went down the cellar and he lay down on the floor and pulled these big shaker screens (for screening ore) over the top of him.

Well, the boss happened to come down and found him down there with these shaker screens over the top of him, woke him up and said, "Sandy, what in the world are you doing laying down here under these shaker screens? This won't keep out the cold air."

And Sandy said, "No, but they keep out the coarsest of it."

RM: [laughs] That's a good mining story.

JD: Yes, I like that. And then the other one that he told me that I always remembered: In the days before the Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service and all that, Claude Seyler homesteaded down at Peavine, which is the Lower Peavine Ranch now. He ran his cattle in the mountains, he ran his cattle out in the flat, he did everything he wanted to, and finally the Forest Service moved in and they told him when he could put his cows up in the forest and when he had to take them out. He was very upset about it, but there wasn't much he could do about it.

So later on, the Forest Service sent him a map and said, "This is where you're to put your salt." And that did make him mad. They had figured that if the ranchers put the salt farther away from the water holes, the cattle wouldn't overgraze around the water holes so badly, so if they had to go over here for the salt and over here for the water, it would be better for the country. Mr. Seyler thought this over for a while, and he wrote to Washington, D.C., to the Forest Service head-

quarters and asked them for 507 copies of this map. Well, naturally they wrote back and said, "What do you need that many copies for?"

And he said, "So I can hang one around each blankety-blank cow's neck so she can find that salt."

RM: [laughs] That's cute.

JD: I like that story.

RM: Let's talk about the development of the Carver's area. When you came here in '43, there was just a little ranch house here. Is that right?

JD: That's all there was then.

RM: Could you kind of take us step-by-step through the development of what is really almost a community right here?

JD: Well, we started the station in 1947 and opened it in 1948. In 1949 the highway department decided to move their maintenance station from down there at Willow Springs - do you know where that is?

RM: No.

JD: Well, going into Tonopah, fairly close to Peavine, after you go under the main power lines there's a big dip and on the far end of it on the east side of the highway there are still some tamarisk bushes.

That's where the maintenance station was at the time I came out here.

RM: And what was there, just as an aside?

JD: Just 2 houses, and I think there must have been a garage but I don't really remember. But I know that 2 families lived there. And they decided to move that station up to the present location [at Carver's] of the maintenance station.

RM: Just right down here to the south from your house.

JD: So during the winter of '48 and -9 they started building. A fellow

by the name of Poke Easley was the [contractor]. He was from Tonopah. And you couldn't believe how cold it was. They moved one house and then they built another; apparently one of them was not movable or something. But they had an awful time building because it was so terribly, terribly cold that winter. Nobody went out after dark - it was just too cold. We played a lot of canasta that year. Anyway, there were 2 houses built down there and a garage.

RM: But not the present ones?

JD: Not the present ones, no.

RM: And then did the families from down at Willow Creek move up here?

JD: Yes. Ted Leon and his wife Anna lived in one and a fellow by the name of Les Barnhurst and his wife Betty and their 2 boys lived in the other, I think. And while the houses were being moved and everything they had to live in Round Mountain.

RM: And they ran the equipment?

JD: Well, it was necessary to plow those roads every single night. It wasn't that we had so much snow, but the wind blew constantly and it would drift over the top of the road something fierce. So they had to plow the road all the time. And in order for them to get warm once in a while and really have a cup of coffee and so forth (I wasn't going to stay up all night) I just left the back door unlocked. There was a pot of coffee on the oil stove and they came in whenever they came by and got a little coffee and warmed up.

And we had a half St. Bernard, and he had a big woof. It was enough to scare a person to death if you didn't know him. He knew those 2 men as well as he knew us, almost, but the first night that they started back there to get the coffee - of course our light plant was turned off at

that point during the night - he woofed at them and woofed at them and they wouldn't turn around, they wouldn't stop, they just kept right on walking toward the back door. He finally just reached up and got the back of Les's peacoat and almost pulled him over backwards. He didn't try to bite him or anything, he just stopped. The men weren't afraid of him because they knew him too well, so they just went on and went on in. And after that he let them in every night. He was very good about it.

RM: But he would protect the place otherwise.

JD: Oh yes. When Gerald was gone I often kept the dog in the house at night after I'd go to bed. And it got to the point where I had to get up and let Gerald in because the dog wouldn't let him in. He was very protective.

RM: Were you afraid at all when you were alone out here with children and all?

JD: I had moments of it, but nothing too bad. I learned to live with it.

RM: OK, let's go on with the evolution of Carver's.

JD: OK. The maintenance station was the next. Then I sold part of the property down here to . . .

RM: Let me interrupt you once here. Your ranch took in what we think of as Carver's now, is that right?

JD: Pretty much.

RM: I mean, say, going clear up to the new gas station [convenience store] - was that all your property?

JD: From the maintenance station up to the end of that field up there (to the north).

RM: OK. So this whole settlement area here has been carved out of your

ranch.

JD: Yes. Anyway, next Betty Getchell's brother bought a piece of land from us, but Betty put up the money and then Betty and Bill sold out their property in Los Angeles and they moved up here, too. They put in 2 houses, which are the 2 little yellow houses in back of the present mall. Betty and Bill lived in the south one and the brother and his wife and family lived in the other.

RM: What did they do for employment?

JD: They were trying to raise alfalfa seed. Dick has since gotten that land back, but . . . I think that was pretty much status quo, for a long time.

Other Voice: Then they built the new houses here.

JD: Oh yes. What year was that, do you know? Well, the Forest Service put in an administrative site here, but I'm not sure about the time frame.

RM: And that was to the north of the restaurant?

JD: Right at the curve up there. But I think that was later.

RM: So all through the '50s and '60s it was basically these 2 houses and the maintenance station and the restaurant and your place?

JD: Yes. In the late '60s or the early '70s, Nye County had a planning commissioner, or something, who put out a booklet on Nye County projecting growth and everything, and one of the projections was that Carver's would eventually - in X number of years - be the fastest growing place in the county. And I laughed. Now I'm laughing out of the other side of my face, because it was true - it worked out that way. But after the new maintenance station was put in they built new houses and new garages. They built all 3, didn't they?

Other Voice: Yes, they took the old ones away. There were 2 old ones and then they built 3 new ones.

JD: And the garage.

RM: And when was that, approximately?

JD: '72 or -3.

Other Voice: About a year or two after we were married. That's why I say you should tell about the girl who had the whiplash neck.

JD: That's what I was thinking about when I was sitting here grinning. A contractor from Fallon did that. But it must have been '74, because that was the year we bought this house.

RM: Your present home?

JD: Yes. They were building the maintenance station at that time and Jimmy Williams was in charge of the maintenance down there - his name was Henry Williams but everybody called him Jim. He built that trailer park which is now called the C&H Trailer Park immediately south and east of the maintenance station.

RM: Did he buy the land for the park from you?

JD: No, he didn't. I don't know who he bought it from.

Other Voice: He bought 10 acres with it.

RM: But it wasn't on your property?

JD: No, no. But it's still part of the community. I think he put in about half as many spaces as there are now.

RM: How many are there now, just for the record?

JD: About 110, I think. Something like that.

RM: Are they large spaces?

JD: No, they are not large spaces.

RM: Do they have double-wides there at all?

JD: They have a few.

RM: And what happened next?

JD: Oh, we gave the county the property that they built the firehouse on. I think that was in the early '70s.

RM: Does the firehouse just serve Carver's or does it serve Round Mountain too?

JD: They work together with Round Mountain. They have firehouses in Manhattan, Round Mountain and here. But if the need arises they go back and forth wherever they're needed.

Other Voice: I understand they're going to put in another one down at Hadley.

JD: Yes, I think they are. They have the ambulance service out of the firehouse, too.

RM: In here or in Round Mountain or both?

JD: They have the ambulance service in the firehouse here, then they have one at the mine.

Other Voice: Well, they have these EMT training programs. Every so often they have a half a dozen EMTs all through the area on the ambulance.

JD: They go where they're needed, and mostly they're needed down here. We've got 2 ambulances now, I believe. We have so many accidents on the highway and they respond to all of those. I don't know why there are so many accidents, but there are a lot.

RM: Yeah. What happened here next - what came in?

Other Voice: Well, the mine was going, of course, at that time.

JD: When the mine came in everything just exploded - literally.

RM: So that there were a lot of people building homes and everything?

JD: Well, there are very few built homes. They were nearly all mobile homes or modular.

RM: Well now, how did they acquire the land? Did you parcel it off and sell it to them?

JD: No. The only land I sold was to my sons.

RM: Well how did the people who put their homes around here acquire that land?

JD: Skook Berg (his real name is Karl) owned the property on both sides of the highway. You know, below the C&H Trailer Park there's another park. That's Skook Berg's place; he developed that. And that has nice big lots. It's well planned. He put in his own water system and everything. And Roger Berg and Kenny Berg bought a piece of property - but I can't remember who they bought it from - south of Manleys'.

Manleys bought the ranch where Joe Francisco originally lived; Roger and Kenny divided that up into the Senita Heights.

RM: OK. That's on the west side of the highway.

JD: On the west side of the highway and south of here quite a ways. And then, of course, the place where Hadley is was a Desert Land Entry. Frank Arcularius took it up. He was from Bakersfield or the Bakersfield area.

RM: And he sold that land to the mine?

JD: He sold that to the mine and they bought it for the water rights.

RM: Oh, the mine bought it for the water rights?

JD: Well, I don't know what they were thinking. They said they bought it for the water rights, but then it became necessary, in order to have an expansion, to get rid of all the houses that were right there on the mine property - in the area where they're now working. That's when they

decided to use the ranch for a town (Hadley), and they also had planned to sell some lots to people over there, but they found out that under the Desert Land Entry you can't do that. That land cannot be subdivided.

RM: Oh, you can't subdivide Desert Entry Land? They do down in the Amargosa, I think.

Other Voice: After a certain period of time . . . You have to stay there for so many years. Well, it's the same thing on a homestead.

RM: When did Arcularius come in here?

JD: I don't remember. They opened it up for a short period of time for Desert Land Entries, and he and his cousin, a Mr. Etcheberry, from Bakersfield . . . He took up the Desert Land Entry that is now in possession of Dick Reason.

RM: Were they the only people who came in to this area under the Desert Land Entry?

JD: I think they were, in this particular area. There were some in the southern part of the Smoky Valley.

RM: What do you mean by the southern? Down toward Peavine?

JD: Down below Peavine; below San Antone.

Other Voice: Down by where the Hall project is.

RM: I don't know where the Hall project is.

Other Voice: The mine - Anaconda.

RM: Oh, OK.

Other Voice: Towards the highway.

RM: And there were some Desert Land Entries north and west of Tonopah?

JD: Right. There were quite a few, I think.

RM: Were they successful?

JD: Well, they're still there, anyway.

RM: So they acquired title?

JD: Yes. I'm sure they did.

Other Voice: Just like a homestead.

RM: Yes. In Pahrump a number of people came in on Desert Land Entry, but very few of them were successful and acquired title. More did in Amargosa.

Other Voice: Many didn't realize how much it was going to cost them. They thought they were going to get something for nothing.

JD: It was very expensive.

RM: And they didn't realize how tough it was.

JD: Right. And the weather was against them.

RM: So that as far as you know there were basically only 2 Desert Land Entries in what we would call the Big Smoky Valley, say between here and Manhattan turnoff?

Other Voice: Well, since then they've opened it up again and Larry Fisher's got one over here . . .

JD: . . . on the other side of the highway between here and Round Mountain.

Other Voice: I understand there are a couple up north of here, one up near Turks and so on. I don't know who they were but there were several . . .

JD: The Mormon Church took one up there by Youngs. I don't know whether they took it up in their name or not, but that's who did it.

Other Voice: Well, somebody does it for the church.

RM: Well, then after Copper Range came in there was essentially kind of a little population explosion here?

Other Voice: Boom!

JD: And it's been booming ever since.

CHAPTER SIX

Other Voice: The mines started going in about '73 and it took a couple of years to really get going, so about '75 was when this thing started to really expand. That's when the border of the mobile home place here really grew. It went from a couple of people to full in nothing flat. And they started building over . . . Manleys' also started, next to Senita Heights on the Manley ranch there. I bet there are 50 homes over there now.

RM: And then when did they put the corrals in across the road?

JD: That's our rodeo arena, and that's been in the last few years.

RM: Is that public land or is it a donation?

JD: That's public land.

RM: I thought the highway went through the middle of your property.

JD: Well, it didn't go through the middle, actually, it went through a V-shaped corner.

RM: When did you put the diesel pumps in over there?

JD: That was in the early '60s.

RM: And in very recent years they've put in the little shopping center. And now they've got a little 7-Eleven type store down there.

JD: Roger Berg opened that this year. It's on Skook's original property.

RM: OK. But that isn't part of the original Berg ranch, is it?

JD: No, it is not. Skook bought it. I don't remember the name of the person who sold it to him.

RM: Was it a big parcel that he bought?

JD: Not too big. He owns that little ranch on the west side of the

highway - that was part of it. And the highway just went through the middle of it.

Other Voice: You see, the highway goes at an angle. Instead of going along the usual section lines it angles through; that's why this little pie shaped piece over here belongs to Gary, which is Jean's.

JD: And then on the other side of that is this 40-acre parcel which belongs to the county.

RM: Oh, OK. Where the corrals are.

Other Voice: Right.

JD: They got it from the Bureau of Land Management.

Other Voice: It's a recreation area.

RM: And both of your sons - Gary and Dick - live in close proximity to you.

JD: Gary lives next door to the west and Dick lives next door to the south.

Other Voice: The house that you see right there belongs to Gary.

RM: Right out your window is Gary's . . .

JD: That's not where he lives but that's his house.

Other Voice: He rents it. We just have this little piece right here where we're staying.

JD: Three acres.

RM: How many people would you say are living in the Carver's area now?

JD: Wait till after 1990 and I'll tell you.

Other Voice: Between Carver's across the road and whatnot and then Shoshone Heights, which is on the other side of the mobile home thing. I'll bet you right now there are pretty close to 800 to 1000 people if you count all the people over in there.

JD: Not on the property we used to own, no.

RM: Yes. But what we would call Carver's.

JD: What they do call Carver's.

Other Voice: In other words, everything down here in the valley is Carver's, up there is Round Mountain, and up there way over is Hadley's.

JD: Incidentally, when we were open 24 hours a day the highway department was very happy about it up there at the station because it gave travelers a place to stop and get gas and eat and so forth. We kept asking if we couldn't be on the map - and no, we couldn't be on the map. I can't remember the reason we couldn't be on the map, but we couldn't be on it. Finally, in about 1970 (I'm not sure of the year, but it was in that area) they broke down and put us on the map. And we were very, very pleased.

RM: Did that help your business at all?

JD: Yes it did.

RM: Did it make a big difference or a little difference?

JD: Well, it's pretty hard to measure things like that. I don't know.

RM: But a traveler then could see that it wasn't just totally wide open country.

JD: Right. [Before that] they'd come along and say, "Oh! I didn't know there was anything on this highway."

RM: Is there anything else you want to say about the evolution of the Carver's area?

JD: Not really. It just keeps growing; that's all. Gary built that garage down there across the street.

Other Voice: Which is now the Greg Scott pumps up here.

JD: Greg Scott.

Other Voice: And he's using those.

JD: He bought it recently - just in the last week or so.

RM: Could you say a little bit about any desperados or people like that who came through - famous incidents or whatever.

JD: First I want to tell you what happened when we first opened up. We opened in April and in about June, or maybe late May, Manhattan had a school - a very small school, but a school - maybe 10 or 15 kids. The friend who helped me all the time when I needed help, Lona Williamson, asked if they could bring the kids down to the swimming pool at Darrough's and then bring them to our place for lunch. And I said, "Sure." Well, her daughter was one of the children at the school. So that's what we did.

And we received a telephone call on our marvelous telephone line from the sheriff's office in Austin, saying that a couple of desperados had stolen a car. They were armed with rifles, and had meanwhile hit a cow up by Austin somewhere, and were coming down this way on that old road - it wasn't paved then.

RM: It was that old windy dirt road.

JD: Yes. The old windy dirt road as far as Millett, and then it was graveled. And it was in the spring, so there were quite a few water crossings as they came down the road and they could stop and replenish their water in the radiator all the way down the valley. Well obviously, they were going to stop at our place. So I told everybody there what the sheriff had said.

RM: The kids were there at the time when you got the call?

JD: The kids, the parents, the whole bit. We got every gun . . . of course the ranchers always carried guns in their cars, and the miners did

too, you know. And when those 2 guys came along they were going real slowly as if they were coming in. And here were all these people, maybe 10 or 15 men and all these women (I think we made the kids stay in the station), and everybody was armed with a shotgun, a rifle, pistols . . .

RM: Is that right?

JD: You never saw anything so funny in your life. And they decided that discretion was the better part of valor and they drove on. They didn't stop for water. Well, what they didn't know was that there were no more crossings where the water was running across the highway anymore after . . . Shoshone, I guess, was the last one down this side of the Round Mountain turnoff. So they went on and when they got down right in front of the old maintenance station, the car got so hot that it seized up and stopped.

Meanwhile, of course, the sheriff's office had sent a car with deputies out from Tonopah to intercept them, and they came to them just about the time the car stopped. Well, Betty Barnhurst was living in the maintenance station, and she was looking out the window (and the sheriff's car was not marked; they weren't in those days, they didn't even have uniforms). And Betty saw these people get out of a car coming from Tonopah with guns and rifles and go over and take those poor 2 little men out of that car that had just broken down, and put them in the other car and drive away with them. Of course there were no telephones; she didn't know what was going on. Oh, it was great.

RM: So when they drove by here, essentially the road was lined with people with guns.

JD: With guns. It was funny.

Other Voice: You don't have very much because you've got this road, and

where can you go?

JD: One time - was it after the mine opened up?

Other Voice: No, it was just before. It was after we were married but just before the mine opened - '72 or -3. '72, I think.

JD: One or two men - two I guess - went up to Skook Berg's house in Round Mountain and went in and tied them up, didn't he? They tied up Arleen and her daughter and stole all the guns in the house and some money and started toward Tonopah. What they don't realize is, this is the poorest country in the world to commit a crime in. You can't get away unless you know how, and the local people are not apt to do it.

RM: Were they coming down from Austin?

JD: I don't know where they came from.

Other Voice: They think they came down from Highway 50 somewhere.

JD: Anyway, they went tearing toward Tonopah. Just before they got to Tonopah there was a roadblock, and they caught them.

Other Voice: Well, the Berg kids got loose.

JD: The kids got loose and telephoned Tonopah.

Other Voice: They called up the sheriff's office. All they did was block the road up here at 50 and down there.

RM: Yes. There was no place for them to go, was there? Any other instance . . . ?

JD: Well, there was one murder up at Carver's. Do you want to hear about that?

RM: Sure.

JD: OK. Pat O'Neal was a half-Indian, half-Irishman. He worked in the mines and on the ranches, and he was a neat guy when he was sober but he was awfully mean when he was drinking. And at that time Bill Thomas was

still sheriff of Nye County. I would say something to Bill about, "Well, you know, I don't like Pat when he's drinking. He scares me."

And Bill would say, "Oh, he's all right, Jean. He just gets drunk." So this went on and on for several years, and finally, one day - I was going to summer school over at the university that particular weekend (it was a 2-week course I was taking and this happened on a Sunday). Sunday afternoon he walked in and he and Barney Ornelas had had bad blood between them for years and years and years, like 10 or so. Barney was in the bar having a beer with a friend of his and Pat stuck his head in the door and he was drunk.

Gerald asked him to go on and not cause any trouble and he went back out in his car and came back with a rifle and opened the screen door and pulled the trigger and shot Barney Ornelas. Barney fell over and actually, literally, I think, bled to death. He wasn't dead immediately, but he did die. Pat went out the door and into his car and up the highway, and they didn't really know where he'd gone for sure, but they formed a posse and went after him. And they discovered that he was up in a little canyon called Wildcat Canyon, which is between Cleveland Canyon and Park Canyon, right?

Other Voice: No, it was between Park Canyon and Coyote Canyon, just this side of Park Canyon.

JD: Opposite the Millett Ranch. He had a little cabin up there and he'd been doing some hard rock mining or something. So he went up there and they finally talked him into coming in the following day. They brought him in and he was convicted of second degree murder or something - I don't think it was murder one.

RM: Why'd they let him off for that, I wonder?

JD: I don't know. Anyway, they let him out in about 5 years and he came back down here. But by that time his spirit was totally broken and he was an old broken-down miner and he died. And I was not sorry. He always frightened me. He always did. So Bill Thomas came in one day, and he said, "Jean, were you here when Pat murdered that guy?"

And I said, "No, I wasn't. I was in Reno going to summer school."

And he said, "Well I'm sure glad that you didn't see that."

And I said, "Yeah. I was glad I didn't, too."

Bill said, "You know, I always knew he was going to kill somebody."

And I could have killed Bill Thomas when he said that. Because I told him so many times . . . But Bill, by that time, was quite old. And he had been in southern California or someplace for medical treatment when it happened, so he wasn't here either.

RM: How well did you know Bill Thomas?

JD: Very well.

RM: I find him one of the truly fascinating people of Nye County.

JD: Oh. He was wonderful.

RM: Tell me what you know about him.

JD: I don't know anything about him, except that I just adored that old man.

RM: Why did you adore him so?

JD: I don't know. He just was a wonderful, wonderful person. For one thing, he wasn't afraid of the devil himself. He never carried a gun and people respected him tremendously. He used to come out and eat with us a lot of times at the ranch before we had this station. He'd come out and we'd just talk - he was just a comfortable old man to be around.

RM: Why did he come out here? Was it official business or was he just

kind of checking things out?

JD: I think he just came out to see us.

RM: Was he a good conversationalist?

JD: Very good.

RM: Did he seem like a pretty intelligent person?

JD: Yes.

RM: Worldly in any sense?

JD: No. He was very rustic, I thought.

RM: Did he have a special sense of working with people?

JD: He must have had a tremendous sense of understanding because . . .

One of the main problems in those days was drunken Indians, and he could talk to them and make sense with them and bring them in without any problem. Everybody just dearly loved him.

RM: He seldom had to resort to physical force, did he?

JD: He probably did, but I never heard of it.

RM: Was he married when you knew him?

JD: Yes, he was.

RM: Do you know anything about his wife?

JD: Only that her name was Margaret.

RM: Had he been married a long time?

JD: I don't think so. I think he married late in life.

RM: Did he have children?

JD: Not that I know of. He was the oldest living sheriff in the United States both in age and in terms of service before he retired - some 50 years of service.

RM: And he had a colorful career, because he'd been a Socialist back in the early days.

JD: Oh he had? I didn't know that. He came from Austin, didn't he? I think he might have been a meat cutter in Austin.

RM: He was - he had a butcher shop in Tonopah in the early days.

JD: Oh, I didn't realize that.

Other Voice: [Was he involved] in the strikes and so forth in the early days in Goldfield and all that?

RM: Yes. I think that's probably what radicalized him, although I can't say that. I'd like to write a biography on him. That's the reason I've asked you all these questions.

JD: I don't know where you would find information.

RM: It would be hard. Ed Slavin told me it was too late - that there just aren't people around who know enough about him now.

JD: He was a beautiful person.

RM: Bill Thomas and Jack Longstreet are the 2 giant figures in Nye County history.

JD: Right.

RM: And interestingly, on opposite sides of the law.

JD: Very much. Old Joe McCann used to tell me about Jack Longstreet, but I don't remember what he told me.

RM: There's a book out on him now, you know.

JD: I heard there was but I haven't read it.

RM: It's a good book but she weaves it around very few actual facts.

Other Voice: That's the trouble with these things, they get older pieces of it. You get the people who don't know too much about him and they weave in a lot of romance, or whatever you want to call it.

RM: Yes. Now, you mentioned a lot of wrecks on the highway. Was that always the case, even when you first came out here?

JD: There weren't as many at first because there wasn't as much traffic.

Do you know who Snowy Monroe was?

RM: No.

JD: He was a state senator from Elko County for years and he was also publisher of the Elko Independent, I think was the name of it. Snowy was coming down the road about a mile north from here; he hit a cow and wrecked his Cadillac and was very angry because the cows were walking in his way. It was at night and he was going 90 miles an hour. He didn't get hurt, but his car got wrecked.

RM: Lucky he didn't.

Other Voice: He banged his knee, was all.

JD: Yes, but he didn't get really hurt. And another time a stranger - for what reason I don't know - drove his car just as fast as it would go and he missed the curve up here. And there were some great big rocks half the size of this room. He drove into one and smashed himself all up and I shudder to think about it now, but at the time, what do you do? Do you wait for somebody to come get him? We're 60 miles out in the country from the closest doctor. There were no nurses, no EMTs, nobody. So the men loaded him in a car and took him to Tonopah. He was broken up badly, but I understand he lived.

RM: Were there times after you opened the restaurant when you'd get a knock on the door and there'd been a wreck or something?

JD: Frequently. Oh, I forgot to tell you - you asked me before how mechanical work got done out here. Well, Bob Wilson was one of the main persons. Whenever Bob was available he would come and fix a truck or fix the car or whatever, and he kept my Witte (diesel generator) running for ever and ever and ever. I don't think we could have made it without Bob.

He was just an absolute treasure. Guardian angel, I always called him.

Other Voice: For years he went clear to Kingston and fixed that when they didn't have power, and went to some of these ranches and kept them going for practically nothing.

JD: Oh, he was great. He was just great.

RM: I think I asked you this before, but to make sure that I don't leave it out, when did power come in here?

JD: We got the Witte in 1950 and it was about, I think, '66 before we hooked up to the electric power. Didn't I tell you the story about giving the power company the right-of-way through the property?

RM: I don't think you did.

JD: OK. When the power company got ready to come through here they asked for a right-of-way and we gave it to them. And then, after they got ready to service the area they said, "OK. Do you want to sign up for power?"

And I, "Sure."

And they said, "It'll be X number of dollars deposit." I think it was \$100, but I can't really remember.

And I looked at them and I said, "I gave you that right-of-way through my property. No, I'm not going to buy power from you." Two more years went by before they finally decided that I could have the power without the deposit.

RM: So, power came through your property and for 2 years you didn't sign up because you thought that was unfair.

JD: Well, I did. It was a matter of principle. I couldn't see why they couldn't trust me to pay my power bill.

RM: And so they finally backed down?

JD: Yes. I also had a battle with the telephone company that you wouldn't believe.

RM: Tell me about that.

JD: I wanted a pay phone at Carver's (this was after they put the new telephone line through here).

RM: When was that?

JD: I don't know. I would say it was in the last half of the '50s or the first part of the '60s, somewhere in there. I wanted a pay phone because so many people needed a phone at our place and they always used mine and it was not always convenient for me to have them go out in the kitchen and use my phone, and sometimes they charged long-distance calls on it - not very often, but enough that it makes me unhappy about it. I don't mind paying somebody's bill if they say, "I haven't got any money to pay it," but . . .

RM: Yes, but when they cheat it . . .

JD: So I asked them to please put in a pay phone. And they said they would look into it and they announced that I couldn't have one because the big bosses in Reno said no - because they had a pay phone in Round Mountain. But Round Mountain is 2-1/2 miles off the highway. But the man in Reno, the big shot who made this decision, didn't know that Round Mountain was off the highway. So you went from the Frontier Tavern on Highway 50 clear to Tonopah before you got to a telephone booth that you could see from the highway.

I spent 5 years fighting with the telephone company. All the local boys who worked on the telephone line knew what the situation was and were pulling for me and helping me, but the people in Reno kept saying, "No. No. No, you can't have it." Finally one night, when I was busy,

in the evening, I got a telephone call from the president of the company and he apologized all over the place. He said, "I just found out that Round Mountain is not on the highway." He said, "You can have your telephone booth." They said I could have one if I would guarantee X number of dollars. I don't remember what the figure was.

RM: And you weren't about to do that.

JD: I didn't see why I should do that. It was up to them, not me. I fight for principle when I wouldn't fight for anything else. But we won that one too and we got our phone. It's nice. But it took 5 years to convince the phone company that we could have a pay phone out here.

RM: There seems to be something symbolic in that. It takes so long when people out here want to do something. I've been talking to Bob Wilson about his problems with the South Twin property, and it seems that if you want to do anything a little bit different, or make any changes out here, you've got an endless struggle with bureaucratic forces that live in urban areas and have no understanding of this area.

Other Voice: You must remember that in this state, everybody that knows anything lives in either Reno or Las Vegas. Nobody out here knows anything. And it gets a little bit monotonous.

RM: It seems that many of the things you've done and others have done had to be a battle, and it wasn't waged in a week or two, but it was a matter of years.

JD: But it was fun. It gave us something to think about besides ourselves.

RM: You remarked that there seem to be a lot of wrecks now.

JD: Yes. I don't know why, but we just have terrible wrecks. Hitting cows is one of the main reasons. Now I have a true story to tell you.

The owner of the R.O. Ranch was a fellow at this point in time - I don't know what time it was . . .

CHAPTER SEVEN

JD: Tom Denman was the owner of the R.O. Ranch at the time I'm speaking of and George Barra was the sheriff. And it seems that Tom had lived in the area maybe a year or two, and since he was the only one who had cattle on the open range, he was the one who kept losing cattle to the cars and the trucks. (They ran over them.) And he was very upset that his cows were always the ones that got hit. Of course, if he'd stopped to realize that he was the only one who had them outside fenced areas, who else's would get hit? But anyway, one day he was hauling horses in a trailer with a secondhand pickup he had bought, coming home about 2:00 in the morning. Right up above the hot springs here, he hit and killed 2 of his own cows. So the next morning he called the sheriff's office, and according to George Barra he said, "This is Tom Denman speaking. I just want to report that last night I hit and killed 2 of my own son-of-a-bitchin' cows."

The joke was that Tom Denman was a minister of some sorts. I don't know what denomination it was but it was a minister - a pastor. And somehow George Barra didn't feel that that was quite the appropriate way to talk. We thought it was funny.

RM: Can you think of any other stories, Jean? You've told a couple of really good ones.

JD: They come up when you don't want them - that's the problem.

RM: Right.

JD: After Brownny Parks died (the old fellow I got mad at for stealing money), there was another old fellow who came from Eureka. He was also a pretty good drinking man, but he would not drink around the station if he

was working. And he was one of the most dependable people I ever had in my employ. I've always sworn that a liar is also a thief. Well, Huey was a liar, but he was not a thief. He never touched a thing that didn't belong to him.

But he told some pretty good stories, too - windys. He would tell us that he had a daughter who would meet him in Tonopah on his days off when he would go in there. And she was, from time to time, a lawyer, a doctor, she lived in Seattle, she lived in Portland; she never had time to come out here, I know that. And I'm not sure he even had a daughter, because when he died we could not trace anybody that he had. He also died out here in a little cabin that he lived in that we gave him. That was when Gary had the place. He's buried up in Round Mountain, too.

RM: When people used to die out here did you take them into Tonopah, or did you just bury them here?

JD: No. We took them to Tonopah and then they brought them out and buried them here. Then we have Frank Penola, who just died recently in Tonopah. Frank lived out in this area for many years and he was a beautiful character. Frank was half-Indian and half-Italian. He owned a 40-acre piece of property right behind Darrough's out there in the middle of the flat. And even in his old age he came out there a lot. He had a horse out here and when he died, he was looking for his horse, apparently, because they found him out in the field with his rope. Anyway, Frank was a longtime character out here.

RM: This is the man? You're showing me a picture of him. He has an interesting face.

JD: He worked at Round Mountain during the operation of the mine in '48, '49, '50. Frank worked in the mill. And the mill, at that time, was

about 3 stories tall, although it didn't have stories per se. It had all this heavy, big equipment in the floor area and then there were stairways going up made of expanded metal, which makes quite a racket when you run on it. And then there was a balcony up on what would be the third floor level if they had a floor, and on the wall of that balcony were dials giving information on the temperatures and so forth of the various pieces of machinery in the mill.

And my friend, Chi Hiedeman, was at that time a shift boss, and Chi was standing up on the top level watching a dial when he was aware that somebody ran up these expanded metal stairs and grabbed something off the wall right next to him. But he was so busy concentrating on what he was doing that he didn't look around until after he heard the person go down the stairs, taking something off the wall. And Chi looked over there, trying to think, "What was on that wall?" And suddenly he remembered that it was a fire hose that was there. So he took off down the stairs just as fast as he could go and when he got clear to the bottom level, he went around a corner of a piece of machinery, and here was Frank standing with a fire hose in his arm, a nozzle in his hand, but not connected to anything, just holding them. And Frank goes, "Shhhhhh." Chi was so mad he could have killed him. It scared him almost to death.

RM: He was just doing it as a joke?

JD: Yes. In the bathroom there was a corrugated glass window. One day Frank went in there, took his hard hat off, rubbed it up and down this corrugated window . . . and there was a lot of noise in that mill.

Apparently it sounded like a bearing going out somewhere. Everybody came thronging down, and Frank was standing there with a big grin on his face.

Another time . . . the bathroom door had a swinging door in front of

the toilet. Somebody had to go to the bathroom rather badly and came tearing upstairs and there was a pair of boots under the bathroom door, so they went back out and waited and waited and finally came back up and Frank had put a pair of boots there. He wasn't there, but the boots were.

RM: [laughs]

JD: And sometimes he'd stand up on the balcony type thing way up high, and he would pitch a bolt or a nut or something on some of these big flat steel surfaces, and it would make a terrible noise. I don't know what a bearing sounds like when it goes out, but they'd think there was something going wrong with their machines.

RM: So he really had a sense of humor, didn't he?

JD: Well, I guess that's what you'd call it. He was a joker. He used to drive them crazy at that mill - just drive them crazy.

RM: Somebody mentioned - I think it was the Bergs - that it was too bad I couldn't have talked to him because of his Indian background.

JD: Oh, he was marvelous. Just a great guy. And he liked our family especially. He was very fond of us, because Gerald saved his life one day. One night he and another Indian, Emmett Rosse, came into the bar and they had been drinking (they were working at the R.O. Ranch). They somehow got into an argument and they started to fight and Gerald told them if they wanted to fight to go outside and do it, he didn't care. It was the middle of winter, and it was cold. So they went outside and Gerald just locked the doors and told them to go ahead and fight. Well, my youngest kid was about 4 or 5 years old, and the 2 kids got bar stools and pulled them up to the window so they could watch this fight. And it was a nasty one. One of them would knock the other one down and then

stand there and kick him in the face till he got up.

RM: Oh!

JD: Oh, it was a bad one. So then they came in the house after a while, they got tired of that, and bought a Coke and bought Gerald a Coke and they stood there and talked like nice people again, and everything was fine. Then they started out and there was a lot of snow on the ground. They got up to the highway a little ways and they ran off the road into a snowbank. So Emmett walked back down to the station and told Gerald what had happened and asked him if he'd come with the truck and pull him out. So Gerald got the old truck going and they went up there and the tailpipe of that car was buried in the snowbank and the motor was still running. Gerald opened that car door and jerked Frank out of that car into the cold air, and he came around all right, he wasn't clear out, but he was one of our best friends ever since that happened. He was really a good friend. He thought the world of Dick and Gary and he always . . . he came to Gerald's funeral and everything and he was a real neat guy. He came clear out from Tonopah to go to the wedding when Dick's daughter was married. He was just really a terrific guy.

RM: Was he more Indian in the way he lived and thought, or more Italian?

JD: I think he was Indian.

RM: Was his mother Indian?

JD: I don't know. Well, she must have been. His name was Penola and that's certainly Italian, so it must have been his mother who was Indian. However, at that time - I don't know whether it's still true or not - there was a good deal of prejudice on both sides. The whites didn't accept him as a white and the Indians didn't accept him as an Indian.

RM: So he wasn't accepted in the Indian community.

JD: Not too much, excepting his own relatives. He had a lot of relatives around here. Anyway, after this happened we decided to go to Los Angeles and visit my aunt and uncle. This was in 1951 and Gary was 5 and Dick was in school so he couldn't go with us. Gary'd never been any farther than Tonopah, so we drove down to Los Angeles. And my uncle and aunt didn't have a television but they had friends who had one and asked us if we'd like to see it. We'd never seen one, so we said, "Sure." We went over to their house and were watching the Ice Follies on TV and then there was a program with wrestling matches. Gary was sitting on my lap, and pretty soon he turned around to me and said, "They don't fight half as good as our Indians."

RM: [laughs]

JD: It's true, they didn't.

RM: So the Indians did a lot of fighting?

JD: That was a bad one. Gerald had a neat way of dealing with it, though. The very first week or month or something that we were open, 2 ex-servicemen, one in one branch of the service and one in the other, got in an argument about which was the better arm of the service, and they started to fight inside. And he made them go outside. You can't believe how quickly they cool off if there's no audience and there's nobody to say, "Don't do that."

We did have one bad mob fight, one time. We were having a dance and the road construction crew was here and the construction crew from Round Mountain on the '49 deal was there, and somehow, nobody ever knew how it started, it just erupted out in the dance hall. Two guys got into it and then everybody got into it - all the men. And I personally saw Les Barnhurst - who was a very good-sized man who worked at the maintenance

station - pick up one of those big burly construction crew guys and throw him over the hood of the pickup.

RM: Wow.

JD: That man must have weighed as much as Les, if not more. He just picked him right up and threw him over. And the next day everybody had one or two black eyes.

RM: How many people were involved?

JD: I don't know, but I'd say at least 100. It was the biggest mess I've ever seen.

RM: Good lord. What started it?

JD: Nobody knows what started it.

RM: Were there a lot of fights at your dances and everything?

JD: No. Because always before - and afterwards, too - when any 2 people got into a fight, Gerald just made them go outside.

RM: How did he get them to stop fighting long enough to tell them that?

JD: Well, he had a loud voice. They'd either do it or they'd get thrown out.

RM: But then he'd have to throw them both out, right?

JD: Well, when we had dances, Teddy Leon was always there. One day I saw him jump right over the top of the bar and get them out there.

RM: What was he - your bouncer?

JD: He was our bartender - he was a tough little hombre. He could really handle them. At one dance, the superintendent of the mine at New Pass came clear down for the dance and proceeded to get very obnoxious and mean, and he was pounding people in the back. He was told not to do it several times and he failed to respond, so Teddy jumped over the bar, picked him up and was starting to throw him out the door - our door had a

4-pane window in it and it opened in at that time - and the guy got his arm loose and put it right through the glass on that door and cut himself all to shreds, a real bad cut. So somebody took him to the hospital in Tonopah and they sewed him up and we never thought anything more about it.

Well, shortly after that the mine closed down - this must have '51 or so. One of our friends who was at the dance went to work down by Shoshone, at Tecopa. And who would be the boss, but that same little guy. This was a year later or so. So one day the boss came to Nate and said, "Where did you come from? Where'd you work before you came here?"

And Nate said, "I was in Round Mountain."

And the guy looked funny, and he said, "Oh, that's a tough town." He said, "I went to a dance there one time and some guy took a knife out and look what he did to my arm," as he showed him the scar.

Nate didn't bother to tell him that he saw the whole thing happen - he wanted to keep his job.

RM: What role did the [Darrroughs] hot springs play in community life?

JD: Well, they used to have dances up there years ago before we opened up. But when I was here there was no particular role except we all went swimming up there.

RM: But before you came here they held dances there?

JD: They had a dance hall and Millie and Bert Acree played for dances in Smoky Valley for 50 years before we ever opened up, and then they played for us part of the time.

RM: Was the dance hall in one of the buildings that's there now?

JD: Yes - in that stone building.

RM: Was it a bar or . . . ?

JD: I think they had a bar there.

RM: Between the time you came here and the time you opened your place was it used for dances?

JD: No. It wasn't used for anything but swimming.

RM: So there wasn't a dance place before you opened up.

JD: No.

RM: If you wanted to dance there wasn't any place to do it? So people just went up there kind of on an informal basis. You didn't have picnics or . . .

JD: No, we didn't have parties up there or picnics or anything.

RM: OK. And after you opened up, did it have a special role for dances or anything?

JD: No, not really. It hasn't for many years. Mrs. Darrough was still living when I first came here.

RM: Did you know her very well?

JD: Well, I can't tell you much about her, although she loved to tell stories. But I've forgotten them. I have a picture of her which I don't think anybody else in the world has. It wasn't a very good picture but she wouldn't allow anybody to take a picture.

RM: Was she the one who found the gold at Round Mountain?

JD: Yes - Laura Stebbins.

RM: But she was a real old lady when you knew her?

JD: Yes; she was in her 90s I think. And all the Darrough boys were alive when I first came here. Now there's just one left.

RM: That would be her son?

JD: Yes. Luther is the last one. He was the youngest. Larry - Lawrence - was a very special friend of ours.

RM: Did he live here in the valley?

JD: He lived up at the springs, too. He was a bachelor. In fact Dick's middle name is Lawrence, for him.

RM: Could you talk a little bit about Lawrence?

JD: Well, there wasn't much to say except that they told some funny stories about him. He was an old maid. [Chuckles] He was a bachelor. And one of his brothers - I think it was probably his twin brother, I can't seem to remember names, the one that lived in Tonopah, Ray - bought a new car. It was a touring car type - I don't know what kind. Anyway, Larry drove it for some reason or another and he didn't really know how to drive. He went down to the ranch next door over here, which is the one between Darrough's and our place. At that time it belonged to the Rogers, I think. He drove up to the corral and wanted to stop, but he didn't know how. I think the only reason he stopped was that he drove into the water trough. And Ray was a little unhappy with him for wrecking his new car.

I was very fond of Larry. He was a really nice man. Quiet. He was the one who took you out to the bathhouse and got you a suit if you needed one, gave you a towel if you needed one, collected your 50 cents

RM: When did he die?

JD: Oh, I'd say maybe 5 or 10 years ago. But he was ill before that. He wasn't able to work. He was a little sweetheart.

RM: So since you've lived in the valley the springs were never a social gathering place.

JD: Never. Except during the war, when they had the R&R up there.

RM: OK. How many men would be up there when they were having R&R during

the war?

JD: I think maybe 30 or 40 at a time. They'd bring them out for 5 days, I believe it was. We got acquainted with the staff sergeant who was in charge of the mess hall up there.

RM: Where did they stay?

JD: They put up tents.

RM: Were they up there in the winter, too?

JD: No. Just the summer. We got invited to dinner a few times. That was fun. One Fourth of July we had dinner up there and we had a hailstorm which just came right through Darroughs' and maybe for 5 miles on each side. It looked like a band of snow, but it was really hail.

RM: Could you talk a little bit about holidays in the valley since you've been here?

JD: Well, we usually celebrated the Fourth of July by going to Austin because they always had a dance and a rodeo and a parade and one thing and another. We'd very often find a babysitter for Dick and the station and go up there and dance all night and come home after daylight. And we celebrated birthdays - I already got into that.

RM: How about Labor Day?

JD: I can't remember anything going on for Labor Day.

RM: Was Halloween a big day with the kids?

JD: Not really.

RM: Thanksgiving?

JD: Well, I think those were mostly family oriented - Thanksgiving and Christmas.

RM: Was New Year's a big time at the bar?

JD: We often gave a dance up there. I think that's why I don't like New

Year's to this day.

RM: Too much work?

JD: Right. When they dance all night you get awfully tired if you're tending bar and serving dinner. We didn't serve dinners but we always served food - made sandwiches and so forth.

RM: And where did you get your entertainment?

JD: Well, Bert and Millie Acree were very faithful about playing for us if they weren't playing in Austin.

RM: Were they residents of the valley?

JD: No, they were Austin people. Bert Acree was the county recorder or auditor, I've forgotten, in Lander County for almost as many years as Bill Thomas was sheriff here. They knew everybody in the whole state, I think. And their orchestra was kind of fun. Millie played the piano and it was old-time jazz piano playing. But her first act in getting to a place like our dance hall in getting ready to play was to take the front of the piano off above the keyboard and the front below the keyboard, roll the top clear back, and she had an ashtray about a foot across. She'd place that down on one end, light up a cigarette and there she'd go and she really could play. You had to have a lot of energy to dance to her music, because she was fast. But it was fun. And Bert played the drums and that was it. But sometimes - earlier, I've been told - before their children all left home they used to play saxophone and one thing and another with them. And then there was a band in Tonopah, the name of which I've forgotten.

RM: What did you have to pay a band to come out to Carver's, say in the '50s?

JD: I'd say \$100 but I'm not sure. And then they had the hat or

something.

RM: They had a tip bowl, then?

JD: Always.

RM: Was Easter an important holiday or was it more of a family thing too?

JD: Well, we often tried to do things for the kids. There weren't too many kids in the valley, but we'd try to do something like an Easter egg hunt. One Easter we had a Sunday school up in Round Mountain and we were planning an Easter egg hunt for the children. Unfortunately we had 14 inches of snow and it didn't work; we couldn't have it outside.

But then another Easter we had a picnic up Jefferson. I had just gotten a new car and nobody ever told me anything about things; I had to find everything out the hard way. So I drove up Jefferson and you have to go through the creek and you drive on the dry land for a while and then you go through the creek again, and you go through the creek pretty slowly, because at that time of year the water's running off. So I hit the first crossing and slowed down and went across it gently and jazzed it up a bit on the dry land and when I saw the next crossing coming I put on the brakes and I didn't have any. I went whish-whish and the water went right over the top of the station wagon. And that was the first time I knew that if brakes were wet they didn't work.

RM: Could you talk a little bit about the relationship of Round Mountain and the valley to the county as a whole, politically and in terms of services and so on?

JD: We always have been and always will be, I guess - or still are, anyway - the step-children of the county. I think they're going to get a little eye opening when they get the census taken. I think it's going to

surprise them.

RM: By the number of people that are in this area - yes.

JD: I don't think anybody in the county realizes how many there are out here. If you consider from the county line on down to Manhattan, including that area, I think there are going to be a lot of people.

RM: Have you always have a hard time making your needs known to them?

JD: Yes. Before we had the countywide school district system that we have now, we had individual school districts for each little area. Round Mountain had a school district and the members of the board were a grandfather whose children were long, long out of school, a bachelor and an old maid ex-schoolteacher. And they didn't want - or at least some of them didn't want - our kids in the valley to go to Round Mountain to school.

RM: They didn't want a school system here?

JD: Well, no. And there weren't very many kids in Round Mountain if any. Gerald, as I told you, hauled the kids to school in the station wagon for a couple of years or so and Dan Berg did the same thing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

JD: Finally we asked the local school board for a school bus and they said no, we couldn't have one. And that fight eventually landed in Carson City. I went up to Carson City - I don't remember whether anyone went with me or not - and talked to the superintendent of all the state's schools and we got our school bus. We got a regular bus. But that's what it took to get anything - asking didn't help.

RM: What did they call your school district? Was it the Round Mountain School District?

JD: Probably.

RM: And when did you go to countywide?

JD: I don't remember, but I was glad when they did.

RM: I think it improved the schools, don't you?

JD: I think it did too. It was a good idea.

RM: What other kinds of problems did you have in terms of getting the services out of the county and so on that you thought you needed?

JD: Well, [Eddie] Critchfield, the old widower who lived in Round Mountain, was our Justice of the Peace and/or constable, and if anything came up he was the one who would hear the . . . And he was very good, for having little knowledge of the law. He was a very fair, good man. But we didn't have any sheriffs or deputies or anything like that out here. We didn't have a need for it very often. I think I called Tonopah and had the sheriff's office send out a man 2 times in 27 years.

RM: Is that right? Even with the bar and everything.

JD: There just weren't any problems, and I don't know why except that sometimes I think the presence of the law creates its own problems. I'm

not putting down the law, it's just that it seems as though if an officer's standing there in uniform with a gun in his pocket or in his belt he's more apt to have trouble than if he's dressed in Levi's and without a badge.

We worked hand in glove with the fish and game department when we had the fish. The wardens were always friends of ours, and they were always very, very thoughtful. When they came in the cafe they took their guns and put them in the jockey box or something. Anyway, they didn't bring them in. They often unhooked their stars and everything.

RM: Had you had asked them to do that, or . . . ?

JD: I don't know. I guess it was just the courteous thing to do at that period of time. I don't remember ever asking somebody not to bring a gun in, although I might have. Anyway, some people came in, and they had a trailer behind their car and they had elk heads and deer heads and everything else on top of the canvas which covered the trailer. They said they'd been hunting up in Montana, I believe, and were on their way back to Los Angeles. And the man said to me, "Is there any way you can get through into California without going through the checking station at Benton?"

And the little game warden was sitting there, and his ears went up like this. I said, "Well, I don't really know. But why don't you ask that man right over there. He's the game warden."

RM: [Laughs]

JD: Afterwards the game warden said to me, "Why did you tell him that?"

RM: So what happened? What did the guy do?

JD: I don't know. He left when he got through drinking or eating or whatever he was doing. But Ed was kind of mad at me for telling them

that he was the game warden. I said, "Well, you are the game warden, you know."

RM: There wasn't a lot of violence in this area, was there?

JD: No, there was not. Not usually.

RM: There were just drunken fights, often among the Indians? There wasn't a tendency for them to resort to violence . . .

JD: Not at all. On the contrary, the [people around here] always helped each other. Ranchers rode together when they gathered the cattle. They gathered everybody's cattle and then separated them out. It was a really close-knit community, originally. Now we have a different situation.

RM: It's become more fragmented?

JD: Very much.

RM: What do you attribute that to?

JD: Well, isn't the world that way? Size is part of it, I presume, and drugs. Before, it was alcohol. Now it's alcohol and drugs. I don't know.

RM: So you see Round Mountain as having changed a lot in terms of being a sociable place?

JD: Oh, very much. I knew everybody in the country when I had the station. I mean, miles and miles up that way and miles and miles down that way and all the way around. Everybody was my friend. Now I can go someplace in Round Mountain and see nobody that I know.

RM: Is that because you don't have the station anymore, do you think?

JD: Yes, that's part of it. But you still couldn't know that many people because there are so many.

RM: So do you think a lot of it's just size?

JD: Size has a lot to do with it. And times have changed, too.

RM: In what sense do you think they've changed?

JD: Well, the TV has taken the place of the pan game. And people don't seem to care as much about each other as they used to - they're not as willing to help. And I'm just as bad as the rest of them. I mean, I'm not going to see somebody broken down and stop and say, "What could I do for you?" I've done it thousands of times.

RM: Yes. Now you might get hit over the head.

JD: Now I don't dare anymore.

RM: Jean, we talked about this a bit yesterday, but I want to make sure that I have recorded everything you want to say about the role of women in the community and about raising children in a remote area and so on, and about how the women's roles differed from those of the men.

JD: They didn't differ as much as you'd think. I mean, they may have done the cooking on the ranches and the washing and so forth, but they also ran the bailer and rode the horses and worked with the men. And the kids, as soon as they were able to sit up, were sitting on horseback. And they worked hard when they were little. As soon as they were large enough to be of any help they were working. Which made pretty good kids out of most of them. Most of them have turned out rather well. They're hard working.

RM: Would you say that was true of the mining women, too? I mean, women whose husbands were working with the mine. How would you describe their lives?

JD: I don't quite remember. I had a lot of friends who were miners' wives. Before this operation the women didn't work for the mining companies. Now you see almost as many women down there at the mine as you do men. They're driving those great big 150-ton trucks, buzzing

around there. But they did not work in the mines before that that I know of. There might have been a few females in the office, but there weren't too many. I can't really answer that question because I don't know.

RM: How do you see the future of the area?

JD: Well, we were told - the last tour that we had of the mine - that they had another 17 years at least. Each time we go up there they have projected a little farther and farther and farther, so I don't know. But I don't think I'll see the time when they close down. I think I'll be pushing up daisies by that time.

RM: I imagine eventually it will close.

JD: Well, when they run out of ore they'll obviously have to close.

RM: Yes, new technology can't keep making advances forever.

JD: They keep discovering new ore bodies up here. That's what kept them pushing their future dates farther and farther away. I was used to having 2-1/2 years at the most of operation up there . . .

RM: That was what they started with?

JD: Yes. In '48 and -9 it was 2-1/2 years and in '58 and -9 there were another 2-1/2 years. So when they opened up in the '70s I didn't really believe it until I saw them come in and start to work. Because it was always, "Oh, did you hear the news? They're going to open up the mine," next year or next month or something. And I didn't believe it until I saw them actually start to operate. I don't know that I still believe it. It's been quite a change. It's been nice because we have a lot of amenities that we never had before. We have a store. We don't have to go to town to get bread or milk or butter or whatever.

RM: What do you think when you see the transformation that you've seen?

JD: Well I think it's marvelous.

RM: You think it's positive.

JD: Oh yes. I think it's fine. It's good for the county. It's good for the state. It's good for the community. I like to see the progress.

RM: One change that has resulted is that people's kids can stay, can't they?

JD: Yes. That makes a big difference. Before, there was nothing. When our kids grew up they had to go somewhere else in order to get a job. Now they can stay here and make a living. I would feel very badly if they closed it down, because the things that I'm interested in are things which came in with the mine and which will go out with the mine.

RM: What are they?

JD: Oh, the church for one thing. And the schools and the library.

RM: OK. Let's talk about them. We haven't talked about the churches in Round Mountain.

JD: There were no churches in Round Mountain, although I understand that before I came here a pastor from Carson City - a Reverend Schriver - who used to come over here and hold church services in the bars. I don't know whether it's right or not but I was told that it was true. And from that time until about '72 or -3 there were no churches in the area at all. Now the Baptist Church was the first one that started in Round Mountain. And then it broke off and became the Community Church, but another Baptist Church took its place.

RM: Who started the Baptist Church?

JD: They had a layman preacher. I don't remember his name.

RM: Was it new people coming in who started it?

JD: It was the Mission Church from Tonopah - an offshoot of the Tonopah Baptist Church, anyway.

RM: And it was really made possible by the new people coming in?

JD: Sure. Because there weren't enough people to support a church before that and there were not enough Christians . . . you could put them in your eye and it wouldn't hurt.

RM: And then the next church was the Community Church?

JD: We formed the Community Church and I was a charter member of that.

RM: Who else was involved in that?

JD: I was trying to remember the name of the people. Oh, the Schaffers from Tonopah. Jim and . . . gee, I loved that woman too. Jim Schaffer and his wife came out from Tonopah and then there were some people by the name of Colvin who came out from Tonopah. They're not there now. They had the lumberyard down there for a time. And then Ted and June Johnson came out from Tonopah; there were maybe half a dozen of us from the local area that formed the . . .

RM: Did it grow out of the Baptist Church?

JD: Well, there was some dissension, but I don't know. I didn't go to the Baptist Church. There was some kind of dissension and they split.

RM: And then the Baptist Church went on and formed another branch of the Baptist Church?

JD: Yes. And then the Assembly of God Church came out after that and they built a building up there.

RM: Did they come out from Tonopah, too?

JD: I think maybe they were out of Las Vegas; I'm not sure about that.

RM: How big are the congregations?

JD: Not very big - 20 or 30; I don't know. Then there is another group who have their own worship services but they don't have a building per se. The Community Church doesn't have a building either. We rent the

town hall. And the other group is the Church of Christ, I believe, and it's a group of people that originally came from Fallon. I think they meet in the firehouse.

RM: I see. And where does the Baptist Church meet?

JD: Between the Palace Club and the store there's a little building which was given to them.

RM: How would you describe the religiosity of the people here before the churches came to town?

JD: Well, there wasn't any opportunity.

RM: Were they religious people who didn't have a chance to go to church?

JD: No. I don't think most of them were even versed in it.

RM: What about the library? You didn't have a library until . . .

JD: Rocky (Rockwell Camp) moved up here for 2 years. She was a shareholder with Ordrich Gold Reserves, the company that sold the property to Copper Range. Rocky lived up here for a couple of years and she and Blondie Kielhack and somebody else were the ones who really instigated it, and then some of the other of us joined them. We just gathered up all the books we could find.

RM: Where did you get them?

JD: From our homes and from other peoples' homes. It wasn't very much of a library but it was something - a place to borrow a book once in a while.

RM: It was the beginning, then? And this was in about '72 or something, wasn't it?

JD: It had to have been in there somewhere - '72 or -3. And then when they built the gymnasium in Round Mountain they built 2 rooms on the end of the gymnasium which became our Round Mountain town library. And it's

really rather well-stocked now. And one of the reasons is that it's right across from the school and the school has no library. So the school district pays X number of dollars per student per year and that money can be used for books or whatever we need.

RM: That's a really good way of doing it.

JD: Oh, it's great.

RM: I don't know why Tonopah doesn't do it - Beatty and Amargosa do.

JD: Do they?

RM: Yes. I think Pahrump does too.

JD: And it works out so well - it gives us such a good financial base. And within the next year we will have a brand new \$450,000 library over at Hadley.

RM: Isn't that great?

JD: I'm so thrilled. And one of the nice things that we got last year was 205 video tapes of PBS programs like "Allistar Cook's America," "I Claudius," "The Jewel and the Crown," "Nova," "The Constitution." I can't remember the names of all of them. We had the opportunity to buy them for \$6000 and we could pay for them at the rate of \$2000 per year.

RM: That's wonderful.

JD: And so we got them and we allow people to take them out for 2 days free of charge.

RM: That's a lot of good viewing.

JD: They are tremendous. And we have started an audio library, and I don't know how many cassettes the library has.

RM: Who was the driving force behind all of this?

JD: Well, we have a little library board which is tremendously interested in pushing us. Our librarian is fabulous. The town board has

pushed it and as I say we do have enough money to operate with.

RM: Yes. Is the mine kicking in on it?

JD: I'm not too sure. I should know that because I am on the board, or the Friends of the Library, we call it. I don't think the mine has . . . they may have contributed some of the money that we acquired for the new library. I don't know. A lot of it is grants. We have a grant for all the furniture - the shelving and so forth. If you haven't seen it you ought to go because it's really worth . . .

RM: I'd like to have access to the tapes.

JD: You can, I think, but you have to get them back in 2 days and that's kind of hard.

[Tape is turned off for a while]

RM: Have you thought of something else, Jean?

JD: Yes. In about 1950 Tom and Amy Smith had some kind of store - I think it was a grocery store - up in Round Mountain. They had an empty lot up there and a group of us got together and bought a building from the old army air base for \$50. We moved the old building out there from the army air base and the Smiths said we could put it on their lot and use it for Sunday school, which was great. We wanted one and we had to start somewhere and that was the beginning of it. The man who came out was associated with the Four Square Gospel in Tonopah. He and his wife had a child who had a birth defect of some kind - maybe hydrocephalic - an adorable child but really retarded. They would come out and have these Sunday school classes. We decided we needed to have a dance and the Smiths got mad because they didn't think we should dance in the Sunday school, so they wouldn't let us dance there. So the county gave us a piece of property across the street and we moved the town hall

across the street and that's where we had dances.

RM: Is that right? And that's where the town hall is now?

JD: Yes, where it is now. It's been remodeled and fixed up a lot.

RM: What was the town hall originally?

JD: It was an old army air base . . . it was part of the hospital, or infirmary, whatever you call it. But by the time the mine opened up this last time it had fallen apart pretty badly and I think the county maybe helped us repair it partly, but then the senior center was opened in the old town hall.

RM: Oh. When did that happen?

JD: Well, it was in the late '70s, after the mine opened. And we had marvelous food and it was a great place for us to meet and everything, but there were only about 10 or 15 of us and when it got down under 15 they said we couldn't have it anymore so they closed it down. But they did do an awful lot of work on that. I think the county had a lot to do with fixing the building up, and the mine did too. So the town hall became the Senior Center and then became the town hall again.

RM: What did you do for a town hall when it was the Senior Center?

JD: Well, we could use it anyway.

RM: One thing I forgot to ask is about the post office. Has the post office always been where it is?

JD: Very close to there, but no. When I first came here it was next door to the north, I guess. I always get mixed up in Round Mountain because it's not laid out according to Hoyle - it's sort of crossed grain. Anyway, the post office was there, then it moved across the street. When it was over here, the original postmaster, when I first came, was Ed Michels' wife. Then they moved it over here to the building

that now has a automotive repair place. And the postmaster was Meryl Abernathy (and Bob) - she was there for a long time. And then Bob died and she moved into Tonopah and they put the post office trailer - it's a mobile home - where it is now.

RM: How long has it been there?

JD: Just since the mine opened.

RM: And you've never had a newspaper here since you've been here.

JD: We have a newspaper now. It's called Smoke Signals.

RM: How often does it come out?

JD: Well, it was coming out weekly, but now they decided to do it monthly.

RM: How long has it been out?

JD: Oh, about 3 months. And the advertising pays for the newspaper so that everybody gets a copy in their mailbox.

RM: Hey, that's great.

JD: There's not a great deal of it but it's kind of cute. I don't have one right now. They had newspapers in the early days I know, but . . .

RM: Yes. But the first 2 years of the one newspaper - it's called The Nugget I think - are missing. Apparently you can't find the copies.

JD: That's too bad.

[Tape is turned off for a while]

JD: The winter of '48 and -9 was a terrible, terrible winter. We had a lot of snow and it blew around all the time so you never could have a place to drive because the snow was always in the way. Hammy Ott called us from the ranch and told us that his mother had fallen and broken her hip. She was quite old, a little tiny thing. Well, we had a car - a sedan - but we didn't have any way to get through all the snow and

everything to get up there. So the guys at the maintenance station took the FWD which is a great big powerful truck, and they hooked our little car onto the back of it and they just dragged it across the sagebrush because that was the fastest way to get up there and it didn't matter, there was enough snow. When they got up there they took the front seat on the passenger side out and strapped her on an ironing board and put her in the car and then the FWD had to haul the car all the way back to the highway. And then Gerald drove her into Tonopah and the hospital.

RM: What a story.

JD: She did not make it. She eventually died several months later. But in those days they did not know that people who were flat on their back would get pneumonia, which they invariably did. Nobody who broke a hip ever came out of it, because of that. Now they get them right up and then they don't die of pneumonia. But in those days it was pretty bad. That was kind of an interesting experience.

RM: That is almost inspiring. It shows how you innovated and made do and took care of each other.

JD: Well, we had to. I mean, that was just all there was. And Gerald was always awfully good. Dick has always been the same way, and Gary is too. If there's something they can do to help other people they do it.

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